

Wm. Pater

CENSUS POETICUS.
THE ^{me} Poets
P O E T S
T R I B U T E

Paid in eight Loyal POEMS.

Three upon the Arrival of the
KING.
QUEEN.
QUEEN-Mother.

Two upon the
CORONATION
PORTUGAL Match.

Two Elegies upon the
D U K E of Gloucester.
Princess of AURANGE.

A Fancy upon the Royal Oke with its accidental LOPPING
Upon which waite two other POEMS.

Dedicated to His Sacred MAIESTY.

Martial ad
Imperat.

Materiam dictis nec pudet esse ducem.

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T O
The most High and Mighty
M O N A R C H
KING CHARLES
The S E C O N D.

May it please your Majesty.

***** These Poems (of which your R O Y A L
* T * P E R S O N and Relations are the great
* * * * * concern) were at first scattered singly
among Your *People*, and pass'd then as
Emblems of their *Divisions*: Now gathered into one
Religious *Sheaf* (as a Sacred *Hieroglyphick* of Your
united Empire) offer not their *Matter*, but *forme*; their
Union and new *Soul*, at the *Re-consecrated* Altar of
Loyalty and Obedience. Let it not (I beseech You)
depress them (if a greater *Fall* can be) below their
own native unworthiness, that they come from the
a 2 *People*

People to the King: In this they bear the Image and Superscription of your Royal *Tribute*, which is first your *Subjects*, then your *Majesties*; Theirs by Civil, yours by Divine Right. Your Majesty might guess at the Poverty of this Oblation, from the publick *Survey* of the Authors Estate; who, notwithstanding he liv'd all the time of the Rebellion within (that *Diabolical Circle*) the Line of Com---- or rather *Excommunication*, never payd one *Drachma* of Coyn to any Tax, nor one *Scruple* of conscience to Covenant or Engagement: So much his Fortune was indebted to his *Infirmity*, and his conscience to his *condition*. For the *Publicans* and *Saints* of those daies had Eagles eyes and Hawks Talons, would have Sequestred the very World in the *Moon*, had it been as demonstrable to them, as it appears to our new Philosophers and their *Lunatick* Disciples, who seem to have planted a *Colony* there already. Although it becomes not *humility* to boast, I cannot but rejoyce, I was once too *Poor* to be a Rebel; but must likewise be troubled, I am not *Rich* enough to make a good Subject; that I have not ten thousand *Hearths*, which
(like

{ Thomas ~~Doyle~~
His Book }

My Dear Wife
Sh. Williams
Mary (then
Thomas
then
then
then

My Dear } Thomas
My Dear } wife
My Dear } My Dear



TO THE
R E A D E R.

HE that endeavours to please his Prince, and at the same time flatters not the People, shall hardly meet a good look as he walks the streets, except it be from a Signe Post; that face of invitation being as sensible as most Readers; I desire such would pass by These, with as little notice as they do That, which they seldom view on both sides: They that know the Author (who are not many) know he is not ambitious of a Name; was never publickly in Print till his Majesty came: whose coming (the only accidental hurt it did) increased the number of Phanaticks, for I count most Poets to be of that Enthusiastick Heard: Indeed I have observed those inspired ones much addicted to Rhyming, and ever thought a Congregation of Quakers to be but a Poetical Club. So phantastick is the Criticizing sharp humor of the age, we are angry with all, and hardly pleas'd with our selves; where faults cannot be found; they must be imagin'd. But persons Loyal and ingenuous will march with their King, and either approve or Pardon: He that remembers how much his Majesty hath forgiven, will neither deny, nor despair of Mercy! As for the common enemies of the King and Poets,
the

the very Frontispiece is enough to sowre them beyond all complacency and satisfaction: The Kings Name to such, being as incentive, as the Cross in Baptisme. The truth is the Author wrote these Poems, to shew, not so much his wit, as Allegiance; which latter had bin before demonstrated, though in the dark; Seal'd by the lives of several persons of known Loyalty, hid and preserved under the shadow of his low and unsuspected Roof. But the Cavaliers List is large enough already; whom I leave all to receive their moneys, and some never to think themselves satisfied. To conclude, I hope I may without envy, borrow that Distick of Martial, who has lent out much to our modern Epigrammatists without return: but I hope to pay him use though not in his own Coyne.

The Principal.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quo legis hic; aliter non fit *Auite Liber.*

The Use.

For some good, some bad, some indifferent looke,
without this *LICENSE* who dares Print a Book.

Vel duo vel nemo—Not,

Your Friend to serve you
in any other lawfull
enterprise,

JOH. CROUCH.

A
P O E M
UPON THE
Happy Restauration and Return of his
Sacred MAJESTY
CHARLES II.

AND HIS
Illustrious Brothers, the Dukes of
YORK *and* GLOCESTER.

With Honourable Reflections upon some State-mar-
tyrs, and the Renowned General.

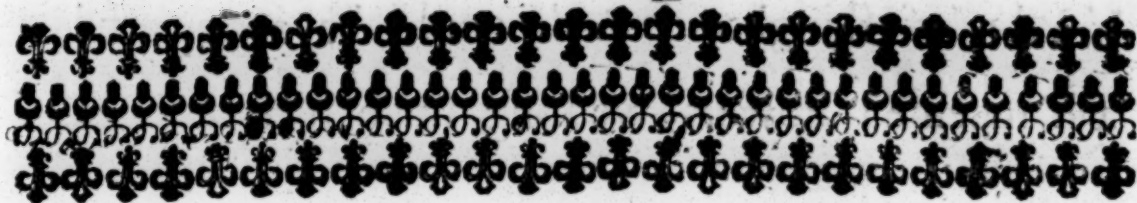
Not forgetting the *RUMP* and its Appurtenances.

edd



G





UPON
The Happy Return of his Sacred
Majesty *CHARLES* II. &c.

Long live the *Phenix* of the World, that came
From the spic'd Ashes of a *Martyrs* Name.

Welcome (Great Prince) at length Restor'd, to tel

Dull Earth, Heaven cannot want a *Miracle*!

Thou Soul of *Monarchie*! *Revive* the Dead!

Heavens *Plant*! nurst up to *Graft* a Monarchs *HEAD*!

Stop here, and bleed my *Muse*! — O *curst Axe*.

Made victim'd Majesty pay three *Kingdoms Taxe*!

Bleed Heart and Eyes, bleed ore a *scarlet Land*!

Some Loyal Trunk a *Mourning Statue* stand!

Death's service is too slight, 'will not suffice;

Our Altars ask a *living Sacrifice*:

A²

If

If Piles of slaughtered *Souls* could have appeas'd
Th' incens'd Powers, we long since had been eas'd.

Stand still ye bright, and ever moveing *Sphears*,
Behold our *Joyes*, though you pass'd by our *Teares*!
Charles, and three *Kingdomes* *Life* at once return,
And chill the *Ashes* of that *Royal Urn*;
The Sun at his *Meridian* height appears,
Drinks up the *Tribute* of his *FATHERS* *Tears*,
With Beames which Majesty for lustre weare,
I could turn *Indian* Priest and worship *here*!
Ime rapt above the *Moon*, but must not stick
So low, am *Sunburnt* and not *Lunatick*.

Sweat, sweat *Stargazers* till your hearts grow pale,
You that for lucre set the *Heavens* to sale,
Sell the *Starrs* (as your *Jewels*) at a price,
Whose Ignorance *Pimps* for your *Avarice* :
Hang thy self *Lilly* in thy *Northern* *Chaine*
Thy darling *Swede* must die, and *Charls* must *Reigne*.
Thou

Thou whose *Prognosticks* bred and nourisht strife,

Poor (Wizzard) now write *Truths* to save thy life.

Could not thy Magick-eye discern a Rope

Circling the *Mazes* of thy *Horoscope*?

**The Bells ith Strand* was crackt it now appears

When they rung *no King* for an hundred years.

Mr. Lilly
at the five
Bells in
the Strand
before se-
veral per-
sons asser-
ted there
would be
no King
in England
for 100.
years.

Fly *Needam*, thou *ingenious Devil*, flie,

Pursued and galld, by the *KINGS Hue and Crie*;

Before thou diest, for thy last comfort, look

On * *Interest will not lie*, that *Doomsday Book* :

Needams
last and
worst piece

Where, (*Hells Scribe*) with a *Ravens croking Pen*,

Describing our *Black Prince* (the best of men)

Thou madst a *Parallel* 'twixt his *Soul and Face*;

Dull *Physiognomist* in the *Lines of Grace*!

Whose two *Diurnals* weekly did disperse

Venome and Rancor through the *Universe* :

V Which stult with *Mischiefs, Forgeries, and Lies*,

Poysond all, but the *Antidoted* wife ;

V Who,

Who, when thy Treasons wanted their pretence
 Kindly bestowedst them upon Providence :
 Servdst every Int'rest though with partial ods,
 Didst worship *two Protectors* thy two gods.
 Goe black-mouth'd *Cerberus*, bark aloud and crye,
 'Tis *Conscience* will not interest may lye.

Tremble proud *France*, who barbarously sent
 Our King the *Second Time* to Banishment ;
 Be wise, and early, Pawn thy *Flower-deluce*
 To purchase not a full Peace, but a *Truce* ;
 Foment no longer with a jealous shrugge
 The *Spanish Faction* for the English bugge ;
 Caress upon thy fears and cold despair ,
 Not to be heightned by thy purest Aire :
 Expect thy late *Auxiliaries* advance,
 Remember *England* has a King of *France*.
 For good *Henretta's* sake, we may beiled
 To give thy Crown back for thy Cardinals Head.

That

That Machivilian! who so long advis'd
 His Prince, he well nigh was *Unchristianiz'd*.
 That *Cap of Maintenance*! who to invest
 His private, more then Publick Interest,
 Hir'd our grand Rebel, whom for his *full pay*,
 He sent for Gold to *Hispaniola*:
 The grateful States-man could no less dispence
 Then the *West Indies* for a Recompence;
Cromwels Ambition would accept no less
 Then an Exchequer might be *bottomless*.
 And can you blame that *Tyrant* of renown
 Who wanted *Love* and *Gold* to weave his Crown?

But where is *Cromwel*, once so gay, and brave;
 Theef of three Kingdoms, now not worth a Grave?
 Wher's that Prodigious *Camel*, whose strong Back
 Carried three Nations Treasure for his Pack?
 That *Crocodile*, that *Cormorant* of Souls,
 That *Whale* that shov'd men out oth world by *Sholes*?

Spard

Spard no Degree, no Sex, whose *Peevish* pride
 Could no Barr, (no not Heaven it self) abide :

V Vast ore the V Vight to *Ireland*, whether he
 V Vent not to *Learn* but *Practise* Crueltie,
 The only *Toad* liv'd there, from Hell had got
 (To mock good Providence) an Antidote ;

Ask poor *Tredah* the number of her slain
 V Vhose streets had only *Silence* to complain ?
 V Where piles on piles of dead wide breaches fild,
 V Which cool blood Butcherd, and wild fury kild.

Dr. Ber-
 nard.

One person (he a * *Priest*) the storm did pass.
 To tell how kind the *Sacrificer* was.

Read *Worsters* story, and you'l read the sence
 Of *Cromwels* malice, and Heavens providence,
 To what a low Ebb had he brought our State,

V Vhen one *weak *Woman* stood 'twixt *Charls* & *Fate* !

Mrs.
 Jane
 Lane.

O may she never lose her glorious *Name*,
 Unless it be t'advance her *House* and *Fame*.

But

But they seem few, warr's fury had destroy'd,
 The Lady Justice too must be his *Bard*;
 A Court dres'd up in Scarlet, that the place
 Might shew the *Sanguine* of his Heart and Face.
 Three Kingdoms *HEAD* upon the Block must lye,
 To give proud *Bradshaw's Robes* a second dye.
 Revenge of time his Name and Memory rot,
 May the unmatched example be forgot!
 If the day must return, *O let it come*,
 To consecrate the good *KINGS Martyrdome*.
Vultures kill Doves, the blood of Innocence spilt;
 A Kings pure blood, by th' impure hands of guilt:
 As if that *Black Deed* by designe had meant
 To give th' out-vy'd world a new *President*.

Hambleton, Holland, Capel, (three Peers fall)

To make one Breakfast for the *Caniball*.

Capel, who dying shew'd (to crown his merit,) *Capit*

A Roman Courage; and a *Christian Spirit*! *By the King*

B

But

But when great *Derby* fell, *Cromwel* began
 T' uncrown the King first in the *Isle of Man*.
Derby, that *Regal Lord* whose *Loyal Head*
 Deserv'd a *Coronet* of *Gold*, not *Lead*!
 The *Northern Snowball* long rowld up and down
 Tumbling in gore, t' uphold a nodding *Crown*;
 (Whose men at *Marston More* a *Bulwark* stood,
 Till their *White* coates were dyed & drencht in blood)
 Melted at last, Then great *Newcastle*, thou
 VVast dead by *Martial Law*, though living now:
 Twas well he liv'd, whose *Loyalty* would not save
 His *length* in *Land*, to furnish him a *Grave*!

Earl of
Bath.

Greenvil, (his *Father* slain at push of *Pike*,
 To shew true *Sons* should be their *Fathers* like;
 After dire conflicts both in *Town* and *Field*,
 Where not he, but the *earth* seem'd first to yield;
 Stript of all but his *Valiant Soul*, was furd
 By the kind waves into his *little world*;

Leav-

Leaving *Charibdis*, and the furious shock
Of prosperous Rebels, fell on *Scyllas* Rock.

*Ile of
Scilly.*

Shrewsbury must scape, by a Divine reprieve,
So mortal 'twas to love the King and live!
All are not mark'd for Sacrifices, some
Heaven rates above a *Civil Martyrdome*!
But the Fiends Altar is not fatted yet,
Till too * *Priests* sacred blood besprinkle it,
Penruddock, *Slingsby*, many more must go,
To enlarge the Book of *Martyr's Folio*.
For all this *Cromwel* breaths securely, hath
His *Beds of Roses*, and his *Milky path*,
Treads Air and Pinnacles; thus *Giant-tall*,
He knowes no Earth, on which to stand, or fall!

*In the
Tower
after
Worce-
ster.*

*D. Hew-
itt. Mr.
Love.*

Now *Parliaments* are summon'd, but in vain,
Wise Cato's all, come in, go out again.
O strange *Vicissitude* of Earthly things!
Crowns, Scepters, Thrones, more mortal than their Kings,

And dye before um ; as if to be *High*,
 Were to be *chang'd* ; we rise, we fall , we dye !
 Yet *Height* is no impulsive cause of ill ,
 We might sit *High*, and *safe*, could we sit *still* :
 But we *still* move *Excentrick* , cannot see
 We tread the *Globe* of mutability.
 Honour is that great *Boon* the Gods bestow ,
 Their *Image* stamp't on mortals here below :
 Which makes um shine like Gods on earth, till they
 Poorly their *Honour* to their *Ends* betray.
 Black *Vice* *Vertues* white *Herauldry* do's stain,
 Honour contemn'd , is mixt with earth again :
 Thus is our *Ruine* measur'd by our *Rise* ,
 And *Greatness* brings the greater *Precipice* !

Now are the old *Peers* into corners thrust ,
 Their *Tiles* mingled with the Nations dust ;
 What were those *Starres*, when this *black night* begun,
 Borrowing their Beams from that late *Man ih Moon* ?
 Cromwel Still

Still Stars indeed but *Sunless*, had not light
 To *View* themselves, much less t' *Adorn* their Night :
 The *Heraulds* Office all imploy'd, to bring
Cromwels Descent down from a *Brittish* King
 When, to prevent his pride, the *Prince* oth' *Aire*
 With one good ' *Whirlwind* cures our long despair ;
 He that had rais'd such *Earth-quakes* in his Life,
 Could not depart without the *Elements* strife!
 Trees *twisted* up by th' roots and tossed high,
 Sent by the winds to *brush* th' *infected* Sky.
 Thus, thus that proud *Leviathan* was hurld
 With *Curses*, and black tempests out oth' world.
 See, see, his grateful *Vassals* when he's dead,
 Clap a rich Crown upon his *useless* head,
 Ingenious *Rebels*, their *Mock-Prince* deride,
 Emblemizing why the *poor man* dy'd :
 Who alive, had with one gripe three Kingdoms got,
Alas! all King, except his Name and Hat.

A strange
 tempest be-
 fore his
 Death.

Now

Now *Cromwell's* gone, and *Rome* may live in hope,
 Let's sing *Te Deum* for the rescued *Pope*!

But *Richard*, spurr'd on by ambitious friends,
 In peace the *Protectorian* Throne ascends;
 With spread arms grasp't the *Chair*, but could not reach,
 A bulk too small (god wot) to fill the breach!
 They that so near the blessings of a Crown
 Had brought the *Old Sire*, pull the *Filly* down:
 Poor *Squire*! I pity thy unkind advance,
 Left heir to mercy, thy *Inheritance*.

This Mercy too had far more easie been,
 Hadst not possest thy Fathers *Seat* and *Sin*,
 The *Seat* of *Scorners* (our *Protector* call'd)
 From that loose *Chair* by thy one *Vassals* hal'd.
 Yet who knows what this *Heir Apparent* meant?
 Some say he suffer'd for his good *Intent*.;
 Though he the *Scepter* sway'd & some months stood,
 He kept his Hands white, dipt them not in blood:
 Pull'd

Pull'd down the *Scarlet Court* ; may he for this
Gain pardon, and the *Hand of Mercy* kifs !

Now the restor'd *Rump* ; *Jehu-like* drives on ,
Scorns all *Protectors* , either *God*, or *Man* ;
Neither confirm their *Creatures* , nor quite fail ;
Hold the *Fanaticks* in a *pendant* scale :
Project on Project, Tax on Tax they raise ,
Never had *England* such *improving* dayes !
For now, our *pious* Governours, well advis'd ,
Turn'd *Jews*, and our *Obedience* *circumcis'd*.
Baptists and Quakers brother-Princes sway ,
Scarce one *Religious* man left to obey !
The Orthodox to *Conventicles* take ,
While bold *Fanaticks* the *Church Visible* make ;
Yet neither *Anthems* sing, nor *Chapters* read ,
Inspir'd all, as the *Worm* *crawles* in their Head.
Now, now the Steeples in sad *tremblings* were ,
Some with old *Age* and *Ruine*, most with *Fear* !
Doubt-

Doubtless good luck preserv'd the merry Bells,
To ring in good time the Fanaticks Knells!

But see how natural tis for *ONE* to reign,
Lambert for *Lambert*, *Booth* for King again :

Lambert No sooner blaz'd a * Comet from the East,

Booth. When with faint Beams *The* * Sun declin'd i'th West :

Lambert, proud of a Vict'ry without Fight,

Rears his hopes to a *Protectorian* height ;

The Army gather into mutinous Heards,

Rump March up, and pluck their * Masters by the Beards.

broke up The *Rump* turns backwards on a fatall broach,

Rise, and do reverence to the *Swords* approach ;

Brave *Lambert*, spight of *Countrey*, *Rump* and *City*,

Winds up three Nations into one *Committee*,

Ycleped *Safety* ; but event ere long,

Declar'd the *Bastard* Child was Christn'd wrong.

The *Common-wealth* is to be *Minted* new,

But what the stamp should be no *Conjurer* knew

O *ArchiteEs* than *Babells* more unskil'd !
 Strange *Platonists* , without *Idea's* build !

Mean time new Workmen from a *Northern Land*
 Prepare themselves, with sharp tools in their hand ;
 Out of the frozen *Pole* starts a good *Swain* ,
 Rigs up, and wheels *Charles* long-dismounted *Wain* ;
 The *Lambertonians* shrink, refuse to move
 Encourag'd by *Apostate* friends' *Above* ;
 Who for a little *Coyn*, and less *applause* ,
 Leave their *Lieutenant* and the *Good old Cause*.
 The *sin's*gd *Rump* rules the *Roast* again i'th' *East*,
 Serv'd up to *Usher* in a second *Feast* ;
 Up marches *George* undaunted, though he find
 Armies before him, Armies left behind ;
 Through all th' awakened Counties as he went ;
 The loud *Aire Ecchoes* , A *Free Parliament*.
 While people from all parts like *Snow-balls* rowl,
 Love and praise *Monk* , as if they knew his *Soul*.

No tongue that pretious word (a King) durst start,
He still *sleeps safe* in every Loyal Heart.

Monk climbs to *London*, where he found (Fame saith)
His *Masters* half perswaded of his Faith :

They vote their *Gold* to th' *Touch-stone*, and (O *Fates* !

Their *Vulcan Tskae* t' *unhinge* the City Gates.]

But the Sagacious General *sents* their *Ends*,

And wisely *hastens* to his *injur'd* friends.

Triumphant *London* her proud Ioyes expresses

In *Acclamations*, *Shouts*, and frank *Careffes* :

The cold *Rump Fly-blown*, quit their seats, but thence

Shall not be forc'd by *Sword* or *Violence* :

But as the *Hammer* makes *Nail* strike out *Naile* ;

So the *Secluded Head* thrusts out the *Tail*.

Now, not till now, the wise *Mysterious Monk*

Whispers with *Charls* from his oraculous *Trunk* ;

The General had (with *Reverence* I infer)

Only the *King* his *Privy Counsellor* ,

O *Secrecy* , the Midwife of *Designes* !

Betray'st not, but bring'st forth thy *Golden Mines* ,

VVrought and sublim'd by *Industry* and *Art* :

Charls owes much to *Monks Head*, more to his *Heart* !

Had either *Fear* or *Joy* this *silence* broke ,

Perhaps the *Thing* it self had never *spoke* :

England hath long ador'd a *George* in paint ,

That was the *Picture* , but this *George* the *Saint* :

So acted *Jove* when he this *Mass* begun ,

We had the *Shadow* first, and then the *Sun* !

Secluded Members Sit, *Vote* their consent

For the just *freedom* of a *Parliament* !

Twas policy, those old *Rookes* to dispatch

Least warm'd they might another *Covenant* hatch:

They rise, when forthwith from long burdned *Hives*;

Ripe *Bees* swarm out, all prodigal of their *Lives* :

The *Bells* to their new *Cells* these *Clusters* Ring ,

Where, with one *humming Vote* they call their *King*.

Great Charls prayd home, not manacl'd, nor chain'd,
 But to the height of his just power maintain'd :
 (*Monk* was not so much *Presbyter* to bring
A Royal Captive home: instead of *King*,
 That he himself might his return deplore,
 At home more *Exile* than he was before !)
 Proclaim'd with joye and all *Imperial Dues*,
 Whilest every hollowing *Street* sends Heaven the news.
 Such *Flames* into the aire proud *Bonfires* sent,
 Threatned to change the *Cognate Element*.
 Th' *unbias'd* starrs, false *Prophets* did beguile,
London was (and yet stands) one *burning pile* :
 No sooty *Pyramids* of smoak aspire,
 The whole *City*, one *Elemental fire*,
 Shouts damp all sounds, the *Air* condens'd with throngs;
 The next great *Pest* must be *Decay of Lungs* !
 The active fire-works sing the *Moons* bright horns ;
 The *Man* had much adoe to save his *Thorns* ;
 Light

Light speaks the Sun, Expression Souls ; O then !
 VVhat Ioy, what *Bonfires* in the hearts of Men ?

Clip, clip your wings, my *Joyes*, soar not too high,
 Lest you unfit me for *Humility* ;
 May the just *Adoration* of a *Crown*
 Humble my thoughts and weigh my *Raptures* down.
Great Charles, brought upon Angels wings, appears,
 The long *despair*, of *Prayers*, of *sighs*, of *Tears* ;
 VVelcome three Kingdoms *Love*, methinks all three
 In my hearts warm triangle panting be !
 Welcome three *Brothers*, and three Kingdomes *Joyes* !
 One *Mighty Monarch*, and two *Great Vice Royes* !
 Welcome blest *Prince*, sent in a needful hour,
 Whom Heav'n restor'd to shew its *slighted power* ;
 May your just *Reign* bring back the *Age of Gold* !
 May *Love's* soft hand your *Sword* and *Scepter* hold !
 O that the whole worlds *pride* sat on my knee,
 It all should bend to your *Dread Majesty* !

Since

Since *lowest* things durst brave your Empire, now,
The heighte *Pyramids* under Heav'n shall bow!

All *hearts* are pleas'd, except bad *hearts* which prove
Gall-drencht, not born to be *belov'd* or *love* ;
The City now long squeez'd and wire-drawn, made
The Citadel, and *Mart* of *Europes Trade* :
The Ship-wrackt Merchants in full *Change* resort,
Fancy both *Indies* brought home with the *Court*.
For ever, *London*, shut thy *Heart* and *Hands*
Against all factious and rebellious *Bands* :
Twas time to *King* it, when thy purse and fame
Lor'd to th' Imperious *Bank* of *Amsterdam* ;
The Loyal *Rusticks* scarce a *Psalm* will sing.
Unless each *Stanza* chant the name of *King*.
The chastest *Virgins* unespous'd, unwo'd,
Feel *Throes* of joy, and think themselves *bestow'd* :
Law and Religion (*sick twins*) gasping lay,
Now this protects that while for both she pray,
The

The Muses (*O Heavens!*) in their *Sackcloth* flain!
 Are by *three Graces* brought to life again!
 Burdens are balms; tax now, Sir, for your good,
 Not our Estates, but Lives; not Coyn, but Blood:
 Blest Halcyon dayes! if any thing annoyes
 Your Kingdomes now, 'tis that you *kill with Joyes*,
 Great Sir, You had made three Realms one *Sacrifice*,
 Had not their *guilt* allay'd their *Extasies*!
 Monarch of Hearts, the *summe* of Heavens Expence,
 Heir by succession, King by Providence;
 Heaven Crown your Wisdom, which has quencht our
 Not by subduing *Rebels*, but the *Starrs*! (*Warrs*,

M. B. (O. B. 1874) is their father
A. B. (O. B. 1874) is their mother
J. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
K. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
L. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
M. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
N. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
O. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
P. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
Q. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
R. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
S. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
T. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
U. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
V. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
W. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
X. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son
Y. B. (O. B. 1874) is their daughter
Z. B. (O. B. 1874) is their son

The Muses Tears

For the Illustrious Prince

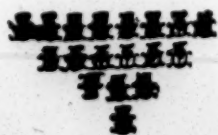
H E N R Y

DUKE OF

GLOUCESTER

Deceased on *Thursday* the 13th, of
September, 1660.

Ω' λείψο χαλδς Α'δωνις θ'ηκλαιΰσιν Ξρῶ/ας.



Printed for the Author, 1662.

THE

OF

The Muses Tears

For the Illustrious *PRINCE HENRY*
Duke of *Glocester*,

(rowing thus
Good Heav'ns! what strange *Wheel* keep you
So full of *Eyes*, and yet so dark to us!
How bright and orient was the pearly Chain
Of *Providence*? and straight how dim again?
Great *Glocester* dead, that Minion of Renown?
Another *Head* drapt from th' Imperial Crown?
Both Globes begin to smoke *will shortly* burn
And make the *Chaos*, once their Womb, their *Urn*.
Put on Blacks you that never *Cypress* wore,
Colours must be disloyal or else poor!
Must this brave *Salamander* die in's bed,
When a whole field of flames ne're sing'd his head?
The Sands of *Dunkirk* his high prowess know,
They ne're were scatter'd into *Atomes* so:

Those *Sands* whose *Infinities*, shall ever be,
 His in-exhausted vertues *Algebrée* :
 Where on the *Anvil* of his *Enemies* *Scull*,
 He broke his sword, as sharp as that was dull,
 While the astonish'd *French* stood still to see
 The *Triumphs* of a Conquer'd *Enemy*.

And shall a *Miracle* fetch this *Heroe* home :
 To hang his early *Trophies* on his *Tombe* ?
 Good *Heavens* anoint your *Prophet's* weeping *Eye*
 And *Consecrate* Him for your *Sacred* *Spie*;
 That in this *Maze* of *Changes* he may find
 Some dark cause why your *Stars* are so unkind :
 Why after such fair *Aspects* from them all,
 A *Glorious* *Star* must like a *Meteor* fall.
 Shall this *Duke's* blood the flames of *Iustice* quench
 Due from the *scarlet* of that *Murthering* *Bench* ?
 Must he appease his *Fathers* injur'd *Ghost*,
 Till expiated by an *Holocaust* ?

Propi-

Propitious *Heaven* your milder *Laws* dispence
 Eat not your *Altars* still with innocence !
Lambs have been slain too long, O set them by
 And let the *Rugged Bulls* of *Basan* die!
 But see ! *Ambassadors* come to kiss that *Hand*
 Which us'd *Brigades* and *Armies* to command ;
 And it unactive find ; now they salute
 Marble for *Duke* ! find all that *Eloquence* Mute !
 That tongue now silent , whose commanding charms
 Had equal strength and conquest with his *Arms* :
 Those lips lately so warm, now cold and faint ,
 Whose *Vestal* heat was temper'd for a *Saint*.
 O rigid *State* ! No *Knee*, No *Head* to bow,
 Alas, our *Duke* is too much *Spaniard* now !
 Yet such brave *Prodroms* was becoming *State*
 To attend, if not his *Person*, yet his *Fate* :
Mock Princes though they swel, must not dye so,
 But usher'd hence with monstrous *Purveyors* go :

No

Before
Cromwel
Died.

(30)

No *Embassie* of *Whale* before he fell,
That *bellnine* fish *Embleme* of *Death* and *Hell*!
Or was our *Duke* an *Holy Envoy* sent
T'his *Martyrd Sire* in *Heav'n*, to represent
How a good *Monck* had brought his good *Charles* home
To right his *Death* and *Crown* his *Martyrdome*?
Pardon the curious *scrutiny* of our *Verse*,
Apollo would sit *Crowner* on this *Herse*!

Let Blood

Must that *Disease* which does so ill be-friend
The *Noble Blood* betray him to his *End*?
His *Ermins* drink new spots, that he may lie
In his own *Purples* and more *Princely Die*.
Must he pour out his *Bloud* instead of *Breath*,
Carve out a new way to mature his *Death*?
Twas sure no *Act* of *Ignorance*, but *Fate*
To pass the *Great Duke* out o'th *World* in *State*,
Through the *Basilick Vein*: The old *Red Sea*
Was still the *Souldiers* and the *Christians Way*!

And

And is he *Dead* that was so wise, and good,
 A *Rose* nipt in the *perfumes* of it's bud ?
 Let not our ruder sorrows do him *wrong* ,
 Say the *Duke* di'd too *soon*, but not too *young*:
 Be wise and quit your superstitious care ,
 He wants not now twelve moneths to make him *Heir*;
 Precedency of time *here does not* bind
 Heaven is inherited by *Gavelkind*;
 All here are *Saints* though not of equal fame,
 And all *Saints* *Kings*, though all *Crowns* not the same.
 Heaven is a *warm place*, ripens fruit 'ith bud,
 And lengthens *little* by the Lines of *Good*,
Saints need no *Kalender* , nor can their be
 Immature *Nonage* in *Æternity* !
 All things above are full and perfect made;
 In that *Meridian* bodies have no *shade* !
 I'me sure he's now full grown, if ever *Moon*
 Knew *Full*, or *Sun* the *Zenith* of the *Noon*.

Things

Things that move *quick* and *sure*, still best proceed,
 While old men *halt* to Heaven, the young make speed.
 W' observe at Treatments here, That civil guest
 Who makes most speed is still the welcomest,
 V When he that sits down, at the Banquets end,
 Loseth the kindness both of *Feast* and *Friend*.
 Let not the *Wisdom* of our King repine
 For *losing* this one *punctum* from his *Line*
 Let *Roy le Volt* seal to the *Acts* above
 A Duke survives that merits all his love;
 While *Henry* reaps the fruits of duty, gon
 To see his *Father* like a pious *Son* :
 Nor let our *Sables* be so *sadly* rude
 To press our eyes ev'n to ingratitude :
 Turn tears to *Prayses*, Heaven is still so kind
 To leave a *Royal Paire* so good behind !

Farewel, sweet *Duke*, we leave thee to thy rest,
 What Heaven decrees, though nere so *bad*, is *best*.

THE
M V S E S
J O Y

FOR
The Happy Arrival and Recovery of that
VVEEPING VINE

HEXRETTA-MARIA,

The most Illustrious Queen-Mother, and

Her Royal

B R A N C H E S

Printed for the Author, 1662.



THE
M U S E S
J O Y

For the Recovery of that *Weeping Vine*

HENRETTA MARIA.

The Queen Dowager, &c.

THe Queen return'd! more wonders still! a *Troy*
Of spoiles and blood has rais'd a *Greece* of joy!
Dull Age! thy long *Imprison'd* faith release,
Beleive, nay see, that miracles do not cease:
Heav'n's arm has burst the Cloud, *made bare* & bright
Hath Eas'd our faith, turn'd *vision* into fight.

E 2

But

But is the *Queen* arriv'd? come safely over?

Then *Callis* Mingle *Cliffs*, and kiss thy *Dover*;

Then *France* and *Christendome* be joyn'd to *Kent*,

Not by a fast *League*, but firm *Continent*.

The Waves wrought not this wonder, there hath stood

Twixt Her and us a wider *Sea* of *Blood*:

Which once dry'd up, the *Queen* might freely pass,

Her ship mov'd on a *Pavement*, smooth as glass:

While waters sensible (*like those we please*)

Smile to transport the *Queen* of th' *Narrow Seas*!

Phœbus if ever thou deserv'd a *Bow*,

Or *Occidental Sacrifice*, 'tis now;

The *East-world* to thy *perfum'd* Rising kneels,

But now the *West* thy *Healing Vertue* feels:

The glorious splendor of thy *Golden Rays*

Has wing'd the *Hours*, and hasten'd happy days:

All ominous *Meteors* spent, this *Sixtieth Year*

The *Stars* drop *hony* in our *Hemisphere*!

Never

Never was Spring so verdant , spruce, and gay ;
 For Mildews , *Manna* fell last Month of *May* :

Three sent from Heav'n to curb unbridled Men : *King &
2 Dukes*
One out of *Gratitude* went to Heav'n agen :
 Resolv'd, what careless Subjects left undone,
 The Fathers *Funeral* should be his *Son* :
 But the auspicious Powers above, conclude
 To *Mollifie* this hard *Vicissitude* :
 Send us fresh *Balm* to heal that sharp *Rebuke*,
 Mother for *Son*, a *Queen* instead of *Duke*.
Venus her *Golden Apple* sent before , *Princess
of Au-
range.*
 A pledge of her *Arrival* on our shore :
 Brings in her Arms *Henretta* too the fair ;
 Princes and Princesses a *Double pair* ;
Exeters Saint who breath'd here but a while,
Babe, Jesus-like , an *Infant in Exile* ! *Princess
Henretta
Maria
transported
an Infant
from Exe-
ter.*

Is this that *Queen* whom a *Rebellious Crew*
Sent *Bullets* after for a *kind adieu* ?

One bor'd the place where *Majesty* did sit,
And came as near as *Heaven* would suffer it :
Had you been present there you might have seen
The *King of Terrors* prostrate to a *Queen* :
Such *Iron Pills* the *Sons of Death* and *Fate* ,
Prescrib'd to cure the *Feavours* of a *State* !

Is this that *living Martyr* so hard prest
With *Injuries*, would split a vulgar *Breast* ?
Wh' endur'd *Affronts*, *Indignities* and *Force*,
An unjust *Exile*, more unjust *Divorce* ?
Such a *Divorce* the worlds great eye ne'er saw ,
Writ by the *Sword*, and seal'd by *Canon-Law* ;
Whose *Act* might *past* , and *future* times out-do ,
When *Law* and *Gospel* were divorced too :

A strange Divorce ! where the whole *guilt* was *Love*,
 And *constancie* the cause of such *Remove* !
 Divorce more monstrous yet ' which rends the wife,
 Not from her *Husbands Bosom* , but his *Life* !

You *Loyal Shepherdesses* , who these *Floods*,
 Have liv'd 'mongst *Wolves* and *Satyrs* in the Woods ;
 'Mongst *Ladies of all Trades* , without respect,
 Compell'd to use their ruder *Dialect* ;
 Spring out with your *Diana*, O break forth ,
 And shew the blest world, not your *height*, but *worth*.
 To your long *Clouded Firmament* resort ,
 And shine like bright stars in the *Brittish Court* :
 You've now a *Mistress* , an auspicious *Guide*,
 To teach you *Modes of Modesty* , not *Pride* :
 To make you *Wise* , not in a narrow sense,
 But measur'd by a *Queens circumference*.

Like

Like your rich *Gems* , not sleek'd up for neere sight,
But *Influential* too , as well as bright !

Welcome great *Princefs* , by good Prov'dence sent

France. Home to us, from your *Native Banishment* !

Delight to see your *Royal Branches* twine

Their *Arms* about you, their *Maternal Vine* ;

(That fruitful *Vine*, whose goodness made it smart;

That *Lives* , and yet so long has *bled* at heart !)

On your Iust *Throne* in serene safety sit ;

Forget all *past*, except the *Benefit*.

The Heav'ns and Earth rejoyce at your return.

You cannot *gratify* their Ioyes, and *Mourn* !

Madam, let no *past* suff'rings make you sad ,

When three *Realms* *now* conspire to make you glad,

Your triumphs bound not here ; the general voice

Of more than Christian World Ecchoes, *Rejoyce*,

London (long *V. Viddow*) was *espous'd* last May,

But till you came, kept not her Nuptial day.

Share

Share Empire with your Sons, our King, and Brother;
 They shall command *one Sex*, and You the *other*.
 And now since *Cromwel* (by a fatal Boon)
 Gasp't in his bed, (*too late*, and yet *too soon*!)
 Since *Bradshaw* could not so much *Mercy* win
 To live to *Hang*, and suffer for his sin:
 (Though both these *Serpents* bloud together spilt
 Were both too *black* to expiate their guilt)
 Since divine Justice (so *severely kind*)
 Has scourg'd their *Drudges*, too long left behind!
 Since *Nolls* whole *Reign* was but a *Dream* at best,
 Wee'll wind his *story* up into a *Fest*.

When this *swoln Phaeton* in the full Career
 Of his *Usurpt* dominion 'mongst us here,
 Must in a *brave* his *Forraign Prancers* rule,
 (As if an *Ass* grown proud would guide a *Mule*)

V Vhen this *Suns Son* fell from his hot *Caroach*,
 Then the *blest hours* prepar'd the *Kings* approach.
 His *panting* Heart prosa'gd his tumbling down,
 Not from his Chariot, but a tripple Crown,
 I say a *Triple Crown*, for that was all,

(*He gave the other to the Cardinal :*)

V Vhose *Diadem* ne'er girt his brow, till *Dead* ;
 O thus may *Death* still Crown a *Traytors Head* !
 He's now *below the Earth*, there let him lie,
 There rot, and once more in our *Memories* die.

V While our full *Joyes* blest *Hev'n* for this *rich Change*,
 A *King, Queen, Duke, and Virtuous Orange*,
Henretta too ; who left her *Native Air*,
 Not to be *greater*, but more *Debonair* :
 Wh' abroad like injur'd *Pilgrims* did converse,
 Neglected *Tenants* of the *Universe* !

Great England ! Great, not in thy breadth or length ;
 Protected more by *Providence* than *Strength* !

Thou

Thou in thy *little Circle* dost contain
 Spirits would animate both *France* and *Spain*,
 O may thy people *washt in so much blood*,
 Be **Humble, Thankful, Loyal, wise and Good!**
 May our restor'd *Vine* never weep again,
 Unless it be for joy she once had pain;
 That once her *blest Womb* with a *Charles* did teem,
 Should both a *Crown Inherit and Redeem!*
 And let *Rebellion*, sunk as low as *Hell*;
 For ever *There*, in its *own Region* dwell!

43
I was in the land of the living
Spices were in abundance - the flowers and
Olive oil was the most precious of all
The Hymns, the Psalms, the songs and
Many other things - the house was again
Lined with the most beautiful
The house was filled with a cheerful
Sweetness of the heart and a glow
And the Hymns were sung as well
For ever I will in my own dwelling

THE

1. 2

THE
Muses second Tears

For the Death of the Illustrious

M A R Y

PRINCESSE OF

A U R A N G E.

Infandum M A R I A jubes renovare dolorem. I. Crouch.

Printed for the Author, 1662.

THE

Index Record

For the District of Columbia

Y R A

INDEX

ALPHABETICALLY

ARRANGED

BY NAME

OF THE

DECEASED



T H E

Muses Second Tears

For the Death of the Illustrious

M A R Y

PRINCESS of AURANGE.

L E T vulgar souls (for their just portion) have
Deep *silence* in the Region of the Grave ;
The busier fate of Princes is not dumb
But sends loud Eccho's from their *vocal* Tomb.
This soul (a Royal Guest) at parting, kind ,
Left Prints and *Medalls* of her self behind.
Shall Vertue the *best subject* of a Verse ,
Pass unconcern'd with a dry silent hearse ?

Our

Our long moist Aire the face of Providence wears
 Would influence our stiffe Temper into Tears :
 Weep weep the frozen Chrystal of our eyes
 Can Earth stand brasse under such melting Skies ?
 Long Ills have wrought our *crusted* hearts so stout
 Heaven strikes those Rocks to make fresh springs
 (gush out

The Princess Royal dead ! yee cruel Fates,
 At once spoil *England* and the neighbour States ?
 Tis too late since thy death (brave *Glocester*) made
 The Court (new planted) but one *Cypress* shade :
 Must *Sister* follow *Brother* ? must two Doves
 Both fly one way, transported by their Loves ?
 Why did the fondness of our Mother Earth
 Twin too so long divided by their *birth* ?
 Though Chast Love like its soul immortall be,
 Yet oft it hastens our mortallity :

Thus

Thus a soft Virgin (too soft for a Wife)
 Dies for the man she loves above her life.
 Without dispute the Dukes last *active breath*
Purld all those *Rubies* to adorn her death.
Pinckt his dear *Sister* with a scarlet dye,
 By strong *Impresses* of kind sympathy.

Not long before her end, the Princeſſe went
 To th' Tombes, her ſelf a living Monument;
 Where ſhe with curious eye and judgement view'd
 The glory of her **A**ncestors renew'd.
Henry the ſeventh and wife; whoſe living name
 Sounds above Kings, whoſe Chappel conquers Fame;
All but his Tombe; where he ith' Center reſts
 Lord of the Soile, others his welcome **G**ueſts;
 Except ſome *Regicides*: Intruders they
 Muſt up before the Reſurrection day!

G

Next

Next great *Eliza*, who at last gave place
 And complemented in a nobler race;
 The brightness of whose glory nere knew spot
 Before she slept so nigh her Sister Scot:
 Alasse the first damp struck her heart & fear;
 Then, when she mist her *Martyrd* Father there!

After, her Royal Highness pleas'd to grace
 The Abbey, and new consecrate the place,
 Saint *Peters* doores ne're open'd with more ease,
 He wanted then no *Oyle* to turn his Keyes:
 Where she inthron'd (our Churches Mother) fate,
 And saw our Churches *Fathers* consecrate:
 What mutual *Benedictions* both confer?
 She blest the Bishops and the Bishops her.
 So good, so pious, so discreetly wise,
 Shee made Scotch Presbiters *Episcopise*.

Great

Great hopes there was, had she return'd, to make
The very Dutch love Bishops for her sake,

The Royal Quire now sings without a heart,
Have lost the *sense* of song though not the *Art* :
She tun'd both Quire and Organ with her voice,
Kept e'm from dull *flats* and too harsh a *rise* :
Kept Base and Tenor from a lazy *halt*
And rais'd the Counter-Tenors to their *Alt*,
How oft, when she appear'd, the *trilling* Boy
Lost the *small* Organ of his heart with joy ?
Her humble Kneec, her humbler heart and Eyes,
Approach'd the Altar like a sacrifice :
Had not the law of Holo-caust's expir'd
Her *sparkling* eyes had the cold Altar fir'd.
How many ravish'd soules, come to prefer
Chast prayers to heaven, forgot, and worshipt her ?

All sweet , all Innocent ! had but one Crime ;
 The Seraphim sung well, had she kept full time.
 But *that* must dye which here we most admire,
 She knew too well, heaven had a sweeter Quire !

Now *Belial's* Children laugh , prophanely pleas'd
 Like *Envy* by an others misery eas'd :
 The Ax of Iudgements to the Oake is laid,
 And strange debts not contracted to be paid.
 Let not Fanaticks this, ranck humor feed,
 The *Wolf* is guilty when the *Lamb* does bleed.
 They know, (Iews as they are,) where the guilt lies,
 'Tis in the Sinner not the Sacrifice.
 So much of Gold so pure without alloy ?
 The *Moon* her self has spots , so must our joy !
 Dyed soon and yet in season, I believe
 (The *Christian Feast*) nere knew so sad an Eve.
 Did

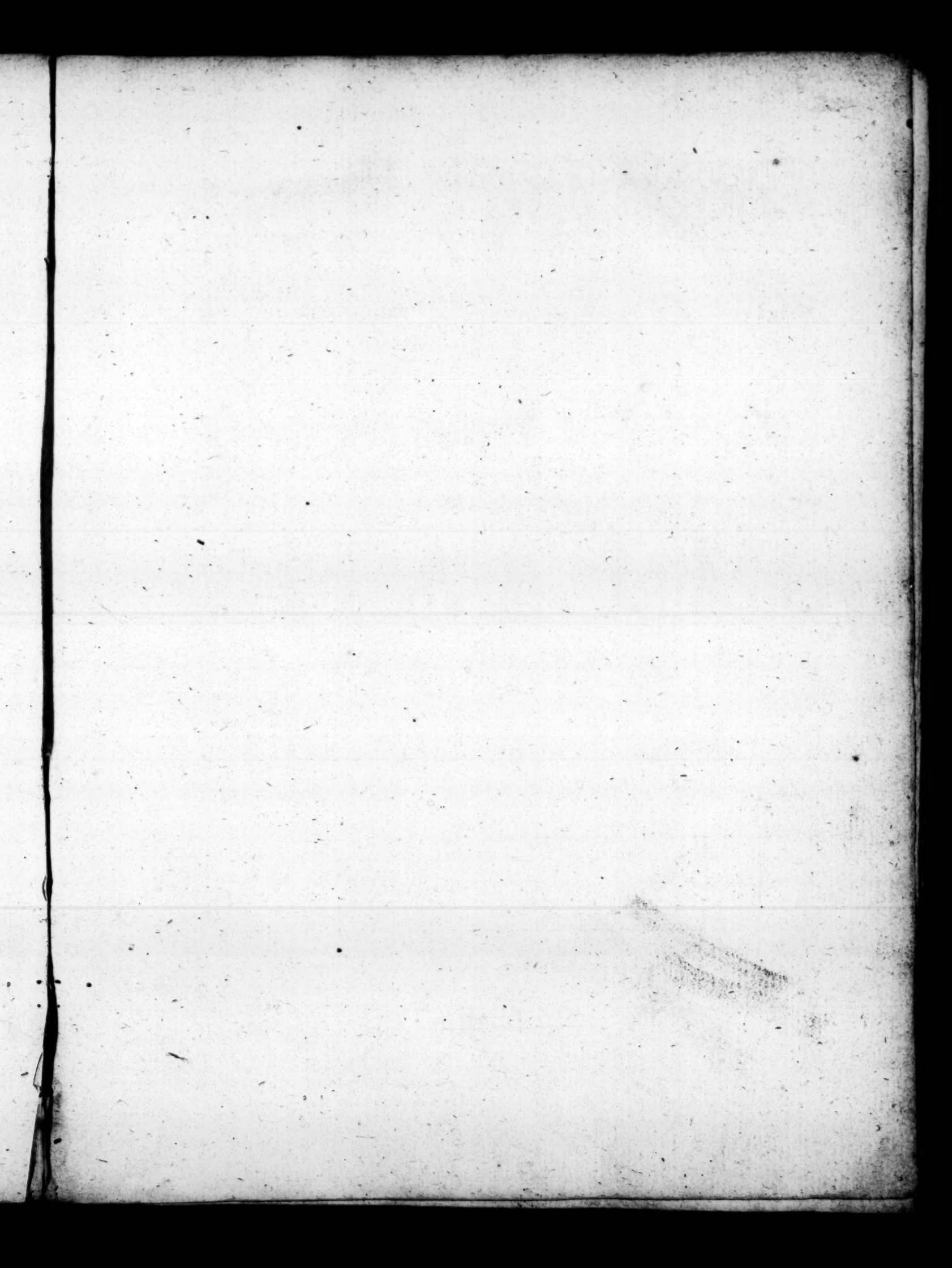
Did not her death for *moderation* call
 The King and *Christmas* would undo us all!
 This great advantage in our *worst* appears,
 We weigh our King now by our *sober* fears.
 Whose absence some months since, our *slavery* mourn'd,
 Our looser *joys* forget he is return'd.

As the Sun clouded at his *zenith* height
 Calls home his beams, and shines above more bright.
 So CHARLES our Sun, glorious, and great, subsists,
 Though vaild and *blushing* through some *Island-mists*.
 Wee shall (heaven ble's his person and his Reign)
 Have *Dukes* and *Princesses* revive again.
 May all the blessings shew'd on her (now dead)
 Fall on her Son, Crown'd with an hoary head:
 While the Dutch to her Tomb kind *Offerings* bring
 And make the *Prince* their *Pupil* General King

The

(54)

The King lives! fly Clouds, and bright beams break in:
T'enjoy our **CHARLES** and weep, *looker like a fin*



Loyall Reflections,
UPON
The Glorious *Restauration*, *Procession*,
Through
L O N D O N,
And *Coronation*, of
CHARLES
the S E C O N D,

Κρείσσων ᾧ Βασιλεὺς ὅτε χῶσεται αὐτοῦ χεῖρι.

nted for the Author, 1662.

Loyal Reflections

UPON

The Glorious Victory of the 1st of June 1759

LONDON

CHARLES

ROBERTSON

Printed for the Author 1759



Loyal Reflections

U P O N

The Glorious *Restoration*, *Procession*,
through L O N D O N, and Coronation of

CHARLES

the S E C O N D.

Ascend thou *Wiser Phaeton*! mount yet higher,
the World adores thy *Light*, dreads not thy *Fire*;
The golden *Houers* have nail'd thy Chariot Wheels,
Thy *Orbe* is fixt, the *Earth* below thee reels.

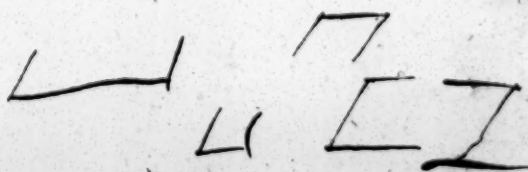
Copernicus (Prophetick) did presage

The sublunary Motions of our Age!

H 2

Maintain'd
the motion
of the
Earth.
As-

Ascend Great Brittain's Emperour, not to owne
 An Usurpation, but your Birth-right-Throne ;
 And yet a Throne not of an easie Rise,
 Whose Foot was earth, whose Top was Paradise.
 What Right, what Arms, what Prayers, long reacht in vain
 Is let down by a Providential Chain!
 The Heavens (Great Sir,) weav'd your Imperial Robe;
 Your Scepter fell from the Coelestial Globe ;
 What the proud Romans of their *Ancyle* feign
 Is form'd a truth in your miraculous Reign.
 That *Scarlet* Fabrick *Romulus* rear'd in blood
 Is shrunk ; the first Foundation was not good :
 Thus *Strafford*, they that sowed their *Politick* seeds
 In thy rich Blood, receive no Crop but weeds !
 Rome's *Cæsars* Chain'd Kings mockt in publick shewes
 Whose fate (an easie victory) crown'd their browes :
 Our *Cæsar*, vanquisht by unequal V Vars,
 Conquer'd the Conquest, and subdued his Stars.
Heaven



Heaven only wrought this wondrous Change; And now
 T' assert the truth, *religious* Rebels bow,
Worsters miraculous escape spoke loud,
 Had not Rebellion ears *deaf*, and hearts *proud* :
 O sacred Brand snatcht from a field of fire!
 Not to be *unking'd*, but be *humbled* higher;
 Thy strange Deliverance made the *Tyrant* sweat,
 Who vowed, without the King, 'twas no defeat.
 Had only put Heaven to some new expence,
 To sanctifie *long* *prophan'd* Providence.

Thou foundst proud Monster, one good Angel then
 Was a *Life-guard* above an *Host* of men!

London! the worlds *Metropolis*, the *Burse*
 Of all our *Cities*, and three Kingdomes *Purse*!
 Those high Triumphals on thy bosome built
 Reacht Heaven, and brought down Pardons for thy
 When did thy *long dark eye* such sights behold? (Guilt
 V When was thy Streets so *pav'd* with *silk* and *Gold*?

Phæbus

Phæbus breaks forth from his Imperial Tower,
 Makes the whole City *Sun-shine* for an Hower.
 Heaven *smiles* through the *mayst* Region of the *Aire*,

*Much rain
 before,*

And *spite* of *Lilly*, two dayes must be *Fair*.

Lions and *Rebels* let (those Beasts of prey)

The Pomp proceeds *serenely* with the day:

What *Majestie* with it brings, the same it meets,

Glory and *Triumph* through the Impaled Streets:

*At the East
 India
 house.*

While laden *Camels* powre into his hand,

The wealth of *India*, both by Sea and Land.

*Lanship
 upon the
 wall*

A Gallant *First-Rate* Ship, Rig'd up in view,

Threatens to make all that was *painted*, true.

(Wonder not why our *Navy* sail'd alone,

The *Dutch* had *struck sail*, and were newly gone)

King, Peers, Knights, Gentry, Souldiery, all advance,

Cloath'd with the *wealth* of *Turkie*, *Spain* and *France*.

Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds (or if richer Stone

There be) then, numerous as the Pebbles, shone.

Th'

Th' Amazed People on lac'd Scaffolds sit,
 See bright *Stars* at Noon-day *without a Pit.*
 The *Globe* was now *inverted*, and the *Spheare*
 Adorn'd with stars, was not above but here!
 But Nobler *Lights* (pierce not the Eye but Mind)
 Like Constellations from the windows shind!
 While busie scruples gazing Forreigners vex,
 Which were those Conquerors, Male or Female Sex.
 The brave Horse marching in their Plumes so gay,
Flowr'd all the Streets, and *Tedipt* up the way.

Did ever Nation Laden with such spoiles
 Return triumphing from their Civil Broils?
 Thus *Headless England* fights it self at length
 Into a Kingdome - *weakned* into strength!
 Sick bodies bleed; and so recover health,
 And Thrones rise high *bas'd* on a Common-wealth!

Our

Our Ruine is Restor'd with gain not loss ;
 Cheap-side all Gold to recompence the Cross :
 Fair Concord here, the Churches Embleme stands,
 Then Plentie flowes from Kings and Bishops Lands ;
 But our poor Mother-Church lies still heart sick
 Rent in the Middle, and turnd Schismatick ;
 Fallen with a Fright ; when that usurping Gog
 Threatned to sell it for a Synagoge ;
 Thanks Anabaptists, who then powerful, sticke
 Preserve it for a Free will Conventicle :
 Had not the old Saint stood (propt up by Them)
 London had been a new Jerusalem.
 Better twice *dipt*, then not at all ; to admit
 Some change, rather then quite Unchristian it.
 But what Paul lost, was all to Peter paid,
 For one whole day The chief Apostle made :

VVhose

Whose Net was chang'd to Copes and Satin Gowns,
 Fit to present the second *Charles* four Crowns ;
 Who more concern'd for Piety than State,
 Upon his *Throne* like a good *Patriarch* sat :
 As if he had this *painted* world forsook,
 Had not a *Scepter*, but a *Crozier* took.
 The holy Oyntment, bath'd his Limbs and Head ,
 Shall *sent* his sacred Ashes , when he's Dead .
 'Twas not its Native vertue, I presume,
 But his *Divinity* heightend the perfume.
 May that rich Harmony Ecchoed from two *Sphears*,
 Till Heaven exchange it , still possess his Ears !
Munday we grant was proudly rich and gay,
 But *Tuesday* was the *Sacred Holyday* ;
 Such Glorious Sights was never seen before,
 And *without Treason* , must be *wisht* no more.
 Were not *Rome* kind , we should live long, to see
Two Ages and a *Double Jubilee* !

Musick
from the
Altar and
from the
Quire.

In the City

Coronation

We wish great *Spain* prosperity and health,
 Though first he *Catholickt* our Common-wealth ;
 May *Flanders* flourish , be for ever blest ,
 Which lodg'd , what *France* expos'd, an *Angel-Guest*.
 Tremble proud *France* (th'haſt loſt thy *Pollitick Twins*)
 Least *England* ſcourge thee for thy *Cardinal ſins*.
 Let *Holland* link with *Spain* to desperate Ends,
 Once their *poor Rebels* , now their *proudeſt* Friends :
 If weak *Rebellion*, if a *Rump-deſigne*
 Could cool the fury of their *Brandee-wine* ;
 What will the whole *United Provinces* doe ,
 VVhen their *three Neighbours* are *United* too ?
 If *Cromwel* (*Mazarines Ape*) could act ſo much ,
 CHARLES and his *Whales* will ſwallow up the *Dutch*.
 Had they not once a kind *Proteſtrice* found ,
 The *Begging States* had been ſurpriz'd or drown'd :
 But ſince their fore-heads wear the *Proteſtant Name* ,
 I wiſh them neither *Victory* nor *ſhame*.

O ye

O ye *Phanaticks* ! whose hot *Brimstone* zeal
 Mingled Confusion for a Common-weal ;
 Convinc'd, if not by Reason, Sight, nor Sence ,
 Yet by your great *Diana* Providence ;
 Sit down, and change the Scene of your Affairs
 To right Ends ; *Model* not your *Armes*, but *Prayers* ;
 Embrace your King, His Royal mercy prize ,
 And then be rich *Phanaticks* , though not wise.

And now Great *Charles*, the worlds Iust Love & Fear
 Thou *Jubilee* and *Triumph* of this Year !
 Ride on ; Let both Your *Friends*, and *Enemies* know
 Your *Glories* were but *Shadowed* the last Show :
 You shall act *Wonders* still, in *War* or *Peace* ,
 But from your Coronation *Miracles* cease :
 If yet more *Miracles* in Times womb remain,
 They must be maim'd if not born in your Reign.
 Heaven has unveild one ; That *Meridian* Star,
 Shin'd at your *Birth* , needs no *Interpreter* !

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UPON THE
A P P R O A C H
Of the Illustrious
I N F A N T A
O F
P O R T U G A L
DONNA KATHARINA
Queen of
ENGLAND.

Printed for the Author 1663.

A. P. K. O. M. C. H.

THE NEW YORK

FOR THE YEAR

1871

Printed by the American



Upon the Approach of the Illustrious
INFANTA, of
P O R T U G A L
D O N N A C A T H A R I N A
Queen of England.

A Prologue to the following Poem.

After such *Dire Scenes* this *Romantick Age*
Acted in *England*, on her publick stage ;
Vicissitudes the Sun nor Moon ere saw ,
Moving without the *Circle* of their Law ;
When *Faith* rackt on the wheel, and scrud too high,
Suspected *Sence*, grew jealous of the Eye :
V What can be strange ? posterity may tell
Some little wonders, no new *miracle*.

Tim

Time with *expanded* Wings , has things reveal'd,
 Like the *Sphears*, glorious, but by Clouds conceal'd;
 (The *Spheares* those *plastick wheels*, which Sages say,
Inform us, as the Potter forms his clay :
 Rapt with whose motion, Ptolemies sharpest spies
 Midst bright *Intelligences* lost their eyes,
 Though 'assisted with auxiliary light
 Of Sun, Moon, Stars ; *inlightned* into Night.)
 Dull Ignorance has still a Gazer been,
 Of truths, not as *perplex*, but not foreseen ;
 The people fear to be surpris'd with good ,
 Traduce all Acts by them not understood ;
 Which yet in wisdomes ballance poys'd, are found ,
 Full weight, and *Fools Absurdities* prov'd sound :
 Could popular Pride make good its bold appeal ,
 Heaven nor the King should have their *Privy Seal*.
 Happy that man , who learnd in Natures Lawes,
 Admires th' Effect because he knew the Cause !

But

But Kings sit in a higher *Orbe* , and so
 Discover *Stars* , not seen by us below ;
 Act their clear wills , and then a Licence give,
 For curious Eyes, to use their *Perspective*.

The Poem.

A Match with *Portugal* ? Good news but strange !
 Beleive me tis a Royal *New Exchange* !

(We once (*Affairs* so inauspicious stood)
 Mingled in slaughters, now in kinder blood.

Heaven that *Pacifick Throne*, serenely wise ,
 Makes two strange Nations strangely Sympathize !

(One lately ravisht from the *Eagles* claws,
 One later, from a *Bears* untoward Paws.)

Link not in *League* but *Love* , joyn Hearts and Hands ;
Thames Silver streams, with *Tagus* golden Sands.

Cromwel.

East, VVest, North, South, so opposite may share
 In *Tempers*, mix *Affections* , though not *Aire* ;

K

If

If in this vast bulk of the World there be
 A *Form* or *Soul* doubtless tis *Sympathy* :
 Hence conflicts *kindness* , ills *compassion* move,
 Extreame dispute themselves into a Love :
 This match , to prove great *Digbys Secret* . good
 Cur'd two States by the *Sympathy* of blood.

Henry 2d. Time before now has known the *Brittish Sun* ,
 In *Converse* with the *Lusitanian Moon* ;
 Our *Prince* in Honour of the *Forrain* Mayd
 Though *Black* himself , against the *Moors* sent *Aide*.
 Some Legends talke of *Interests* as neer
 As those fam'd *Duellers*, *York* and *Lancaster*.
 Crown-Controversies well espouse, and Wed,
 Make best *Conjunctions* in the Nuptial Bed.

Thy *Catharina*, *CHARLES*, approacheth nigh :
 South Winds blow warm, not from the *Austrian Skie*:

Fair

Fair Catharina , Favorit of Fame ,
 VVhose Vertue is her Nature, and her Name !
 Since Edwards Reformation first began
 VVe ne're had such a Gracious Puritan !
 From whose prest lips divinest Nectar flowes
 An Aire of Spices with her Motion goes :
 Her eyes though black , so quick and piercing bright
 Sparkle like Stars through Clouds, make Darkness
 But her best Excellencies , Gloryes, Bliss, (Light :
 Like Heaven's , are Rich Invisibilities :
 He that hath eyes can reach a Virtuous Mind ,
 May there Fair Catharin's Beauty find :
 Shall there the greatness of her spirit see
 Rais'd on a Columne of Humility.
 VVhen joys exalt the lusture of her Eye ,
 Her soul descends as low as Heaven is high.
 One that a Glorious Cabinet views, may guess
 By that first cost how rich the Jewel is !

Ioyne Happy Pair ! your *Ring* is richly set,
 But still the Diamond thanks the friendly *Iet* ,
 Mix your Majestick Locks, those Mystick *bands*
 At Home are *Amorous* , and abroad Commands :
Black and yet *Lovely* must not be denied ,
 Enamour'd Heaven courts a *Dark-featur'd* Bride.
 V When th' Altars *Coal* in Flames of Incense glow's
 Ther's no such Beauty in the Fairest Rose :
 Natures first Cab'net, wore this *Royal Hue* ,
 From which unlockt a *World* of Beauties flew
 From whose rich *Blackness* sprang the Sun, Moon,
 Fire, Aire, Earth, Sea, *Espos'd* by their Iarrs. Stars,
 Nor *Nature*, nor *Appelles* ever made
 Sun shine, or Picture smile without a shade !
 Beloved *Black* ! whose never alter'd dye,
 Gathers the Opticks and Unites the Eye :
 V When Glittering Colours in their *weakness* gay
 Make sight by loose *Emissions* weak as they.

O may your *Likeness* of Complexions find
Similitude of Vertue, Temper, Mind !

May your kind Hearts as close in *union* come
 As Nature, that admits no *Vacuum* !

Or when you sever for short Daies, or Nights,
 Renew your Nuptials, meet with fresh Delights!

But can Kings Fancy what they never saw ?

Create Love, not by Sympathy but Law ?

Not to transcend a Poets Sphear, and tell

How Nobler Objects are invisible ;

Princes commence not *Suits* like common men,

Whose *Leaden* eyes must see and see agen ;

Whose first congress, if it fall out by night,

No Love, no Faith, till the next day give light :

And then (poor *amorous Moles* ,) look themselves blind,

Meet not as *Rationals* , but like *Beasts* , too kind :

So

So few once *fir'd*, are in their *Flames* Discreet ,
 Like wild *sparks*, to their own *Extinction* meet !
 When Monarchs, like their *Brother-sun* dispence
 Pure rays, send *Spirits* for Intelligence :
 Court not the woman, but the Goddess *Queen* ,
 Who, like his *Daphne* must be ever, green :
 Vend not their *Passions* at a *Vulgar* rate ,
Distance is merit, in *Amours* keep *State* :
 Subject not *Honour* to their *softer* will.
 But though great *Lovers* , are great *Princes* still.
 Pictures serve them, whole active *Fancy* give
 Spirit to *Paint*, and make *dead Colours* live :
 Can kiss those *Cheeks* and *Lips*, inspir'd by *Art*
 T'express the silent language of the heart :
 Gaze on two *Stars*, (till *Fancy* working high)
 They twinkle ; Time now to lay the *Picture* by.
 No durty passion such a flame controuls.
 Where two espouse not *Bodies* but chaste *Souls* !

Angels

Angels ride Post twixt such a Pair as this,
 Act their Affairs, and expedite their Bliss;
 Temper the *Weak*, and *Strong*, the *Fair*, and *Wise*,
 Lovers *inspir'd* mov'd by *impulse* not eyes:
 If business render Love more *nicely* kind,
 Letters (that brightest imag'ry of the mind)
 From heart to heart so swift intelligence brings
 As if th' inclosed *Thoughts* had lent them wings.
 Heaven seals such Matches! If all this be true,
 Princes may Love without an *Interview*.

Sit still ye *floating* Isles, y'ave long wheeld round,
 Danc'd mazes long, *center'd* on *Aire* not *Ground*:
 With storms, and Earthquakes long bin rent & torn.
 Yet *Toylings Turks* have still the *Crescent* worn:
 When your *Half Moon* grew big, began to swell,
 Rebels turn'd *Lunaticks* and madly fell.

Now

Now Brittain's Moon is Full. Her total sum
 Contains the *Fractions* of all Christendome :
 Let civil (but wise) *Spain* cease to be kind ;
 Englands Queen shall be *Treated* not *design'd* ;
 Not all the *Mynes* of *India* should controul ,
 Or *Bribe* the judgement of a generous Soul :
 Resolve to Conquer first with slighter pains ,
Indias whole *body* , with its wealthy *veins* !

Blush, blush degenerate Princes, you that Mate
 Not to concern your *Honour* but estate ;
 Conclude how little *England* is afraid ,
 Whose King has woo'd a *Persecuted* Maid :
 A *Phenix* destin'd for the *Eagles* Prey,
 But by the care of Providence snatcht away :
 He, whom Heaven rescued with so strong a hand
 Ow'd a Protection to some tottering Land :

An

An Act worthy a *Martyrs* Son, to wed
 As well his Ladys *Sufferings* as her bed!
 Spain could not his *Infanta* thus advance,
 To Britains *Monarch*, and the King of *France*:
 Fortune in this has *ballowed* her lost name,
 By dealing Crowns to *Merit* and not *Fame*!

Triumph great *Heir* of *Portugal*! To Thee
 This Marriage is beyond a *Victory*:
 Affinity with *England*, either ends
 Thy wars by *Power*, or makes thy foes thy friends:
 Ride on brave *Prince* victorious, to maintain
 Thy *Portugal* against *Usurping Spain*;
 Those *Ensignes spread*, tempests had *furld* before
 Conquer thy pristin Conqueror, the *Moor*:
 But few and fools, to *Castile* back return,
 And let the *Proverb* prove the *Coyners* scorn,

L

This

This *Match* and their *Recovery* , declare
 Spain *wise* ! what *Fools* the *Portugueses* are !
 See the grave *Spaniard* well advis'd inclines,
 To save his *Honour* and his *Silver Mines*.

Thou first *Restorer* of thy self and *Kings* ,
 Whole sharper *Policy* prun'd the *Eagles* wings ,
 Sleep great *Briganza* ! Let the proud *Bird* soare,
 She may be *blind* , but thou *distrond* no more.

Haste good *Queen* ! *England* with *impatience* waites
 Till *Charles* have *Tangeers* and possess the *Straits*.

P O R T U G A L I A in Portu,
 Portugal in Harbour:
 O R
 ENGLANDS JOY
 A N D
 VV E L C O M E
 T O
 The most Illustrious *I N F A N T A*
 O F
 P O R T V G A L
 DONNA KATHARINA
 Q V E E N
 O F
 ENGLAND.

Musæus.

• Κύπερ φίλη μετὰ Κύπριν, Αθηνάϊ μετ' Αθήνην
 * Άλλη Κύπερ εἰς ἄνασσα ———

Post Venerem (Regina) Venus ; Post Pallada Pallas.

Portugal in Harbor.

Y O I 3 C I P A 1 3 1 4 5

WV 61 C O M E

ANNALS OF THE

ИЗВЕЩ

ENGINE

[illegible]



BRITAINS JOY

FOR

The QUEEN

ARRIVED

An Apology occasioned by a former P O E M.

O Nce more, transported with the Queen, I ap-^{(pear}
Phæbus refracted, two Suns in one Sphear;
To Princes we our Services renew,
As Prayers to Heaven, never more oft then due:
What Fools calls Flatt'ry, is a fair Excise,
To Kings a Tribute, to Gods a Sacrifice!

Five-Month since (b) Srow'd we Violets to prepare:

Her passage, and perfume the Winter Aire,
the Authors before Christmas upon the Portugal Match.

b Flowers
Srow'd &c
A Poem of

But

But those *Abortive* Buds, that *ill-tim'd* Verse
 Wither'd like Flowers cast on a Dead man's Hearse
 More mortal then the man they *Spice* in vain,
 Dye of *Despair* to make him *sweet* again.

'Twas a bold service, importunately made,
 T'invite *Summer* to *Snow*, the *Sun* to shade!

CHARLES and HIS KATHARINE, were too discreet
 T'ingage *Extremes*; the *Spring* makes both *Poles* meet.

She's now arriv'd, Go forth my *Bien Venu*,
 Cry, *Welcome* QUEEN, and *Poetry* adieu.

The



Vpon the Queens Arrival,
THE
P O E M

IF it speak *Royal Merit* , to seem *Coy* ,
With modest *Starts* to rack three Kingdomes *Joy*;
Impatient expectations to delay ,
Indulge free Subjects so prepar'd t'obey :
~~It is be *Ment* to *suspend* *what* *the* *Queen* *shall* *do* ,~~
~~Damp our *Conceptions* with an *ague* *Cake* :~~
Nay to be *Married* too , yet *Linger* still;
That so , before you *Quicken* you may *kill* :
While Prince and People, with your *Sex*, complain
Of tedious *Longings* and full *Ten months* pain.

*Long exp-
ed.*

If

If it deserve a *Welcome* , frankly thus
 To promise Heaven , but first to *Martyr* us :
 Then, (*Great Queen*) You must now as *welcome* be
 To *Brittain* , as Your next *Delivery* ;
 Then Your *Arrival* should receive a Feast
 Might treat an *Angel* , not a *Royal Guest* ;
 Bejoy'd , as Souls *Abstracted* long , shall greet
 Their *new-trim'd* Bodies , when next time they meet.

We thank your *Absence* for the *Pangs* w'endur'd
 By which our *Hopes* you mock'd not, but secur'd ;
 When you had edg'd our eager Souls, at last
 Your Bounty Feasts them with a full Repast :
 Wise Art to raise new *Fabricks* , old destroys,
 And *Martyrs* burn here to *calcine* their joyes !

*Cross
winds ,*

But why, good Heavens ! must *ill-bred* Eastern gales
 Drive our *Ships* back , and *furle* their vexed *Sailes* ;
 Our

Our *Ships* , which then so rich a *fraught* did hold ,
Spains Plate compar'd is *ballast* , wer't all Gold :
 What *Planetary* Powers disturbd' the Air,
 To discompose a *Face* so heavenly fair ?
 When we are *dark* , then shine bright Rays of Sence
 In the most *cloudy* Tracts of Providence !
 Those adverse Gusts exchang'd for gentle *Brees*
 Has taught our Hopes to *heighten* by degrees,
Blank Wishes we too furiously pursue,
 Snatch things now promis'd , as that *instant* due :
 V When *Nature*, though most *op'rative* , and intent,
 V Waits her *Effects* , and *Time* expects *Event* :
 While on sweet Hope our Fancies banquet high ,
 They starve themselves and their Felicity ;
 Thus having gras'd too long on empty Ayre,
 Fruition cannot recompense past Care.

M

Had

Had you come *galloping* with a prosperous wind
 Our Ioyes had prov'd as *rude* as you were *kind* ;
 Our Triumphs had tumultuous *Riots* been ,
 Nor had you *Subjects* , but *Phanaticks* seen :
 But Torrents swell'd with *Cataracts* of Rain ,
 Oppos'd by obvious Gusts retreat again ;
 When the proud Banks , recovering their first ground
 Grow fertile , and rejoyce their *Heads* were drown'd :
 Our *Channell'd* Hearts compos'd and temperate grown ,
Calmely enjoy , what *safely* is their own .
 Now we can *Dance* , to hear how you were *toft* ,
 Value you as the *Pearl* we once had lost :
 Those wracks and *Rem'ras* have your *Rate* improv'd ,
 Your *dangers* now , not *Merit* make you lov'd :

But, though necessity of your Landing grace
 Though on firm Land , under your Canopy set ,
 Know

Know, Queen , You are not in your *Harbour* yet,
 After all Storms by Land and Sea, Your *Port*
 Is the Kings *Bosome* , and his *Heart* Your *Court*.
 Long, long becalm'd in that safe *Harbour* rest,
 You have but one *step* more to make you *blest* !
 Hast *Both* to *London* , where your *Absence* kills,
 And swells the *Total* of our weekly *Bills*.

But Kings and Queens seldome arrive, or dye,
 VVithout a *Wonder* , or some *Prodigie* :
 This Eastern VVind by *Dutch* or *Spaniard* hyr'd,
 (VVhich, with a stiff *Rebellion* had conspir'd,)
 No sooner came you to the *Brittish* Shore,
 But the same wind, (your enemy before)
 Asham'd, and weary of his *loath'd* Contest,
 Quits his rough *Region* , for the milder VVest ;
 Not to be *ridden* back to his old *Post* ,

Wind
suddenly
chang'd

By all the VVitches of the *Norway-Coast* ;
 And, as he *vext* our Hope , *serenes* our Fear ,
 Resolves now you are come , to keep you here.
 Though your *fond* Country, and two *Elements* mourn;
 They, or we must despair , There's no return.
 He that would grasp you now, must Miracles do
 Past Moral Faith, must grasp all *Brittain* too.

Now give me leave to Apologize for the wind,
 His Breath was not *malicious* , though unkind ,

Before
Cromwells
 death.

T'affright *You* he no ominous V Whale did ford,

Several
 taken a-
 bout the
 time.

But (Civil Foe!) brought *Sturgeons* to your Board ;

V Where *Health* and *Plenty* be your constant Chear,

And now let nothing but our *Queen* be *Dear* ;

No other Eccho let the *Air* rebound,

Then *Welcome* , *welcome* to the English ground

VVel-

Welcome to *Portsmouth*, Your fair *Hopes* good *Cape*,
 Where no rude *Spaniard* dares attempt a Rape ;
 Had you stay'd one Month longer, without doubt
 V Women and Maids in pain had all cry'd out ;
 V With *Rachel's* Sorrow had bewaild their loss,
 To our Queen, not Religion, rais'd a *Crosse*.
 V What humane *Voyces* are too soft to break,
 Canons Your *Welcome* in loud Thunder speak ;
 The Clouds *instructed* (as *Embassadors* use)
 Give your fair (a) *Lusitanian* Saints the News : *Portugal*
 'Twill be no Superstition, if we say,
 Heaven and the Angels kept your Nuptial Day,
 Solemniz'd Your *Espousal-Rites* above ,
 And register'd the *Trophies* of your Love.

Welcome to *Brittain*, and to *Brittains* King ,
 Whose Heart, by you warm'd, felt an *Early* Spring ;
Wel-

(b) Mild *Welcome to Englands Ayre, now (b) milder grown,*
Winter.

She, to contemper *Tours*, temper'd her own,
 Or rather, your commanding Influence
 Sent *Southern Gales* to drive our *Winter* hence.

Welcome to all her *Lillies, Roses, Tulips,*
 To all her *Quintessences, Cordials, Julips;*
 To all her *fruitful Valleys, pleasant Hills,*
 To all her *Oaken Hearts, and Waxen V Vills;*
Those shall invaded *P O R T U G A L* defend,
These to Your high Commands shall humbly bend.

Proverb prove *Oracle*, let *April* showers,
 Bring *Dews* from *Heaven*, to ripen new *May* flowers,
 Flowers, which may *Brittains Heraldry* advance
 To blast the *Flower de Luce* and *Pride* of *France;*
 To cool that *Spanish Calenture*, would controule
 The *Map o'th' world*, be *Monarch* of the whole;
May

May aid the *Dutch* , If it please *Amsterdam* ,
 If not, refund the *Sluce* from whence it came ;
 Or that *Usurped State* with Monarchy blefs,
 Take in their *Towns* , and make their *Breeches* less.

Sweet May ! that blessed Month restor'd our King,
 Making us reap our *Harvest* in the *Spring*
 (That tedious *Harvest* which so long had grown
 Ripe to *despair* , in *Fears* and *Sorrows* sown ;)
 Be ever *Christen'd* with *Celestial Dew* ,
 Consecrate not to *Flora* but to *You* !

Welcome to *Englands* Cities, Castles, Forts ,
 To her rich Peace, and harmless Rural sport :
 Those furnish *Bulwarks* for your firm defence ,
 And This *Delights* to court your Innocence :

V.Vho

V Who would not chuse a Mansion, where he might
Divide his days 'twixt *Safety* and *Delight* ?

V Welcome to *London*, *bedlam'd* with its Ioy,
The City *Flaming* like another *Troy*;
Conquer'd by You, and wrapt in Amorous Fires,
A *Sacrifice* to Your supreme desires:
Whose Ioyes have swollen her ravish'd Hearts and
Her Shouts *Excoriated* all her lungs: Tongues
Whose proud *Triumphals* to your Greatness bow,
But never knew their measur'd height till now:
That *Fleetstreet Columns* cring'd before the day,
'Twas not *Force*, but Impatience of your stay:
The wind was rais'd your Progress to prepare,
To *Excorcise* all black *ill-spirited Ayre*;
Sent Your commission'd *Harbinger* for good;
Did some small hurt because not understood.

V Welcome

Welcome to all our Princes, Dukes, and Earls,
 Who pave your way with Diamonds and Pearls ;
 Who pay You Homage on their bended knees,
 Honour and Love, climbing the same Degrees :
 So many Stars attending their *New-Moon* ;
 Besides the *Sun* kissing her *Pale*, at Noon.

Welcome to *White-Hall*, thrice one day on fire,
 The Court in Flames *breathing* the Kings Desire,
 Or labouring to dissolve in its own flame,
 And spring out a new *Phoenix* when you came ;
 But time being short, left that design for you,
 Conscious that Miracles now are scarce and few.

*Fired in
 3 places.*

Welcome to your own *Sexe*, from *Throes* redeem'd
 Sharper then them with which their Mothers teem'd ;
 Whose Gems and brighter Eyes, us'd to present

N

In

In *England's Court*, a *Starry Firmament* ;
 But with their *Cynthia* long have clouded been ;
 Rob'd of the *Glorious Conduct* of a *Queen* :
Superiour Stars, with lower *Planets* mixt,
 No *Constellation* in its just *Orbe* fixt.
 When one *Committee-Madam* with a frown
 Scar'd all the *V Women* in a *Corporate Town*,
V When the *Confusion* of intestine *V Vars*,
 Extinguish'd all, our *Sun*, our *Moon*, our *Stars* :
 (You may imagine when the *Sun* is gone,
V What *Light* those *hireling Tapers* yield alone.)
V Which now distinct, possesse their proper place ;
 Your *Majesty*, Your *Highness*, and Your *Grace*.

London that *Torrent*, crept behind its *V Vall*,
 King has his *White*, Lord *Maio*r his *Guilty-Hall* :
 Now that *Republick-Star*, the *City Dame*,

May

May *courisy* to a *Countesse* without shame ;
 May in a *Hackney* Coach mount *Hackney* Hill ;
 (*Branching* her Husband with more cost then skill,)
 Fetch home her Daughter, *Gentiliz'd* at *School*,
 And wed her, to an honest *Tradesmans* Tool,
 May lay her *Hoods* by, and in *Sun-shine* weather
 VVear a plain *Castor* without Gold or Feather.

I' have walkt too long in *London*, where I meet
 Grave *Matrons* check my *Rage* in every *Street*.
 Welcome to *Hopes* full blown, and in their *Prime*,
 Welcome to more, lodg'd in the *Womb* of time,
 Heaven make that *Womb* as fruitful as the place
 You come to *Queen* ! blest'd with a numerous *Race*
 Of *Dukes* and *Princesses* ; whose bright renown
 Shine long ! those *Living* Jewels of the *Crown* !

N 2

Your

Your first *Approaches* so auspicious be,

Prince of May *Hubboo Wales* into a Jubilee!
Wales.

Embrace *blest Pair*, Embrace as *Turtles* do,
No Couples *love* more, or more chastly *VVoe*.
May Angels Breath perfume your *Genial* Bed,
And Angels wings, make Pillows for your head ;
Your Love run *Mazes* with the year, and bring
Two *Souls* with in the Circle of one Ring !

VVhen length of dayes has tyr'd the long suspense
Of your transcending Merits Recompence,
Serenely, like the Peace of *Saints* , lay down
Earths Gold for Heavens; not *loose* but *change* a Crown!
VVhat narrow, though full Hearts discharge. not Here,
VVelcome Her Angels in your *Richer* Sphear !

The *QUEEN* has fixt our Faith ; we now believe,
The *VVorld* was fram'd, not *finisht* without Eve.

A

E'ugene' STIKOV.

For the Happy

RECOVERY

Of Her

SACKED MAJESTY

Queen

KATHARINE

Rumord to be

DEAD.

By J. C.

Printed for the Author, 1663.

RECEIVED

NOV 11 1891

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Upon the
H A P P Y R E C O V E R Y
Of Her
S A C R E D M A J E S T Y.
Queen KATHARIN

C Ome forth thou Mir'cle of a *living* death,
Inspire me with thy *new infused* breath;
That so Triumphant Welcomes you *may* have
From the dark Regions of the Conquer'd grave
Bles'd soul retri'd to shed new *quicknings*, on
The dead faith of the Resurrection!
Tell us great Queen, and Saint! where have you been,
What glorious fights, what wonders have you seen?

Not in that *Middle* Region, where they say

Souls enter *black*, and are sent *white* away:

Your Feavour, like your blood, too high t'admit

The interruptions of a *Tertian* fit.

How could a Bird of Paradise, so fair,

Want wings, and hang like a false *Star* ith' aire?

Could this bright *Eagle*, in the cage so pure

Be passive in its flight, or stay t'endure?

By penance, and the grave, good souls dye twice

But Innocence cannot be mortal thrice.

For such a soul one *Exit* will suffice

When you are dead you'll need no Sacrifice

This *Interregnum* then of Sovereign grace

Must be solemnif'd in a better place:

What news from the *third* Heaven? what triumphs

Heard only by a Pauls abstracted care (there

Shall

Shall that Leviathan the Turk devour
 The christian World subjected to his power?
 Shall he the Sacred Roman Empire sway
 And nothing but his Mahomet obey?
 Shall his heat melt the Alpes? shall he advance?
 His half Moons to the Lunacy of France?
 Like Zerxes make a Bridge from thence to Dover
 But dance the fynk---a pace and ne're come over?
 These Brittish Isles only be fortunate
 Divided from the world and common fate?
 Shall *Spain* cease his attempts upon the Crown
 Of *Portugal*, which he so long pres'd down?
 While the still workings of *Briganza's* spirit
 Creates him only terrors to inherit.

After so many Acts of grace now past
 Shall our *Religious Rebels* bow at last?

To

To King, and holy Church? shall they sit still?
 Accept a Peace and Pardon with good will?
 No vain excursions make, and say 'twas done?
 To try the patience of a *Martyr's* son?
 It pleas'd Heaven his Mandate to controule
 To ransom lives, return'd blest *Katharine's* Soul?
 Your cruel death more Portuguez had kild
 Then the black Spaniard in a Scarlet feild:
 O had that fiery Chariot borne you hence
 Our impious grief had curst your Innocence;
 Had large complaints, and accusations rais'd
 Gainst your Devotion, hating what we prais'd.
 Had your fine little world in flames expir'd
 Those active sparks the Universe had fir'd.
 Rip'ning its end, and sounding a retreat
 To the swift march of bloody Mahomet.

The

This *stings* our sorrow, when tis understood
 We lose a thing only for being good
 Could Angels mourn, and absent blessings want
 They'd shed tears for the loss of such a Saint:
 But tis more pleasing to their Natures, thus
 In joy, rather than grief to mix with us
 If our *Returns* them cause of triumph give
 To give us joy theyl' not repent you live.
 How many weeping Eyes bedew'd your bed,
 Chang'd to a Hearse, where you was laid for dead,
 What Elegy's prepar'd to vex your Tomb
 Dy'd, and lye buried in their fancies Womb?
 To the seventh *Henrys* Chappel wel'e present
 This glory of your empty Monument
 While he that shews it to his guess shall say
 Her's she that could not dye, immortal clay!

It had been far more provident then kind,
 To go and not your Picture leave behind.
 Before you part let not *Charles* love in vain,
 Restore him kindly to himself again,
 This second time you rackt our hopes and fears
 By Sea and Land ; mingling our smiles and tears,
 The envious Waves some months defer'd our joy
 Which now a Feavour threatned to destroy,
 For this your second shipwrack and reprise,
 VVe owe to Heaven a double Sacrifice :
 That power preserv'd you from the furious wave
 Has quench'd all flames prepar'd you for a Grave
 Doubtless while in despair Physicians call
 To the vain aids of *Herb* and *Mineral* ;
 Great *CHARLES* your *Sovereigne Cordial* ; in a kiss
 Pray'd you from Heaven t'accept another bliss.

FINIS.

ΑΙ ΔΡΥΑΔΕΣ

A
P O E M or F A N C Y
U P O N

The English Oke,
IN PARTICULAR

The Royal Oke.

WITH
Its Accidental L O P P I N G,
B Y

The Mistake of a

V V O O D - M A N

—Placeant nobis ante omnia Sylva.

Printed for the Author 1663.

W. A. L. A. V. E. S.

OF THE F. A. N. C. Y.

THE F. I. G. H. O. L. E.

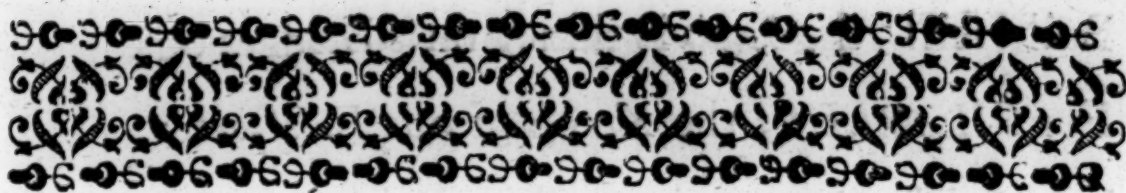
THE F. I. G. H. O. L. E.

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W. A. L. A. V. E. S.

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THE F. I. G. H. O. L. E.



A P O E M or F A N C Y

U P O N

The O K E,

PARTICULARLY

The R O Y A L--O K E

With its accidental Lopping, &c.

G R ow great, thou Monarch of the *British* Grove,
Sacred to *Charles*, thy *Guest*, and second *Jove* ;
Thou Bulwarck of our little V World ; to stand,
Or move , impregnable, by Sea and Land ;
Who, since on shore *Egyptian* Piles more please, *Brick.*
Hast built fair Streets of Oke i'th' Narrow Seas :
Build

Build still, the *Strait* is thine, raise Bridges on't

For *CHARLES*, the *Xerxes* of our *Helespont* :

Whose Navy awes the most imperious Surge,

(c) VVithout vain Menaces of (c) Link or Scourge,

Xerxes

threatned

to scourge

and chain

the Hel-

lespont.

T'affright thy Tributary *French*, once more,

Ioyn despis'd *Dover* to the *Gallick* Shore :

While numerous Squadrons *Lanskip* numerous Towns

The whole Fleet *England* dancing on the *Downs* :

Sea-Palaces, like Eagles, towring high ;

London made Free, not subject to one Skie.

All mov'd by willing Sails, and docile Ropes,

VVhich fixed, for their Anchors have rich Hopes.

Thou Vegetive Soul ! whose glory 'tis and Pride.

To suffer wounds, or sinck, not to divide :

O were our Rationals Heart-grain'd like Thee,

Wee should not such Schisms and Divisions see ;

Presby-

Presbyters, Independents, Baptists, Quakers,
Fift Monarchs, Seekers, Singers, Ranters, Shakers;
 Old *Cromwel's* Foxes tail'd; with mutual scorn
Leer several wayes, but joyn to fire the Corn.
 Each Sect breeds *Saints*, & each Saint bites his Brother
Cross-haters all, *Crucifie* one the other:
 Whose black-mouths, Bishops *Antichristian* call,
 Have hearts *Pope-high*, most *Archiepiscopal*.

Blest *Oke*! Thou didst not brush the middle Aire
 Strong, but low built, with a thick head of Hair;
 I swear no *Roundhead* by thy Natural's parts;
 They wear short *locks*, have *Satyrs* hands and hearts.
 Hadst thou like taller *Okes* stretcht thy head high,
 Thad'st run too parrallel with a *Rebels* Eye;
 Thou bredst no jealousy in his haughty breast,
 'Twas thy humility sav'd thy *humbled Guest*:

Well near the Road thou carelessly dost grow ;
 Rebels too *proud* to find a King so low !
 The *Blood-hounds* rang'd close by, too hot to stay ,
 But little dreamt 'twas then the *KINGS High-way*.

Thy Branches *Ogleby's* rich Fancy made,
 Bear *Crowns* for Nuts ; but thy best Fruit was *Shade* :
 When *CHARLES* lodg'd in thy *arms*, thou couldst not
 Many degrees to be a *sensible* Plant : (want
 But durst not thy astonish'd *Tresses* shake ,
 VVhose murmurs might thy *Guest* to fears awake ?

No *Oke* for thy sake be transported more ,
 Never touch earth beyond its native shore.
 Our *Rump* were *Solomons* , gain'd extremely much,
 When they swopt *Okes* for *Lime twigs* with the *Dutch* !
 Destructive *Gyants* ! vers'd in Hell's black Art,
 First sold the Kings *Head*, then his Kingdom's *Heart* !
 VVhen

When we are dead, survive thou still behind
 T'acquaint the world, how Stocks and Stones were
 When Men and *Saints* prov'd Devils; O be thou kind:
 Prince of the wood, while *Lebanon's Cedars* bow!
 Live and henceforth the Tree of *Life* present;
 Or, if thou dy'st, stand thy own *Monument*:
 The *Fire* by which this world must be calcin'd,
 That last *Warm day*, Thee in its Furnace find,
 V When, if the new Earth shall be *vegetive*
 May'st thou by special priviledge rise and live.
 Thou onely of all Plants receive a Soul,
 V Which *sensible*, may thy whole *Kind* controule.

But since all *Elemental* Beings tend
 To mutual life and death, begin and end:
 Since (part oth'world) poor Plants are mortal too,
 And *Vegetive Souls* expire as *Animal* do:

O. 2.

V When:

V When age has *bor'd* thy *sides* , and now grown thin,
Hast nothing left thee but bare *Ribs* and *Skin*;

Brains dry'd , no *Vegetive* now, but dead and dull ;
Bowels dissolv'd, which were so *merciful* ;

V When, all thy sap (save what's *Hydropick* gone,
Thou stand'st an hollow, wither'd *Skeleton* :

V Within thy Concave may chaste *Spirits* dwell ,
And there fix an unerring *Oracle* :

V Which in tumultuous times may still dispence
Divine *Hortations* to obedience ;

From whence good Kings shall be inspir'd to sway
Iust *Scepters* , and their Subjects taught t'obey.

Mean time, no profane *Raven* dare to croke

U pon the curl'd Locks of our *Royal Oke*.

The first that dares , may his hoarse, ominous breath
Presage not Mans, nor Beasts, but his own death.

O partial Stars! Cannot a harmless Tree
 Prove loyal, but must straight a Sufferer be?
 Must our kind Oke be shav'd and left quite bald,
 V Which Sun nor Lightning would attempt to scald?
 Disgrac'd, as guilty of some horrid sin,
 Us'd like a *Catch-pole* trim'd at *Lincolns-Inne*?
 Shall a rude hand pull those fair *Tresses* down?
 Which lodg'd a King had neither *Locks* nor *Crown*?
 Was it some envious *Presbyterian* Tool?
 Dress'd it up for a *Penitential* Stool?
 Ay me! an honest *Cavaleer* mistook,
 Barb'd the poor Plant with his too provident Hook
 For common Fires: See! the good Oke must come
 For *Loyalty*, to suffer *Martyrdome*!
 A natural proof, That *Cavaliers* are born
 To love like Lambs, and like kind Lambs be shorn!

*The Royal Oke
 Lop'd.*

Let

Let not *cheap* wrath the Crown of Honour sell,
 Sufferings *adorn* them who have acted well :
 Patience , if fixt , ne're waited long in vain ;
 Poor sheep, though *sheer'd* , in time get wool again :
 What ? do and suffer bravely twice ten years ,
 And must *Two* pay both *Laurels* and *Arrears* ?
 Let him that's jealous of his Princes heart
 Share the black Trophies of the *other part* .
 You'd say , had you beheld the Sack of *Troy* ,
 'Tis longer work to *build* than to *destroy* .

Courage my Friends , You that now sigh and moan ,
 May all be *fleec'd* before the Oke be *grown* :
 Make it your Oracle ; O take from thence
 Emblems of Fortitude and Patience :
 Th'Okes *passiveness* , for some months would do well :
 As unmov'd , though not so *insensible* .

But

But sure Heaven manag'd this misprision,
 Prun'd *Thee*, to prune our Superstition:
 (V Vhat spoyl the *Raptures* of our Love had made
 Rending thy Bark, and pillaging thy shade?)
 Decreed thou rather should sustain some loss
 Then grow by *Parcels* like the *Martyr'd* Cross.
 V Vhose veneration now is almost gon,
Diminish'd by *Multiplication*.

Blest Oke! re-flourish with thy King restor'd;
 But Providence, not Thou, must be ador'd:
 That Providence, so profan'd, *wax-nos'd* of late,
 The *Roundheads* Fortune, and the *Royalists* Fate.
 Dear Plant! since plunder'd by an *erring* hand,
 Thou canst not in thy Primitive glory stand;
 Till thou recover thy beloved Twigs,
 The world in compleisance wears PERIWIGS.

*While proudest Nations couchant to our strokes
 Wish for (what we possess) such Hearts and Okes.*

A N
E L E G Y

Upon the Death of the
RIGHT HONORABLE

A N N E,

Late

COUNTESSE,

O F

S H R E W S B V R Y

Printed for the Author 1663.

THE

LIBRARY

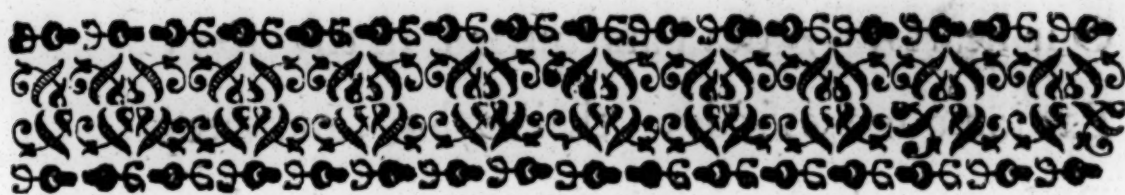
OF

THE

CITY

OF NEW YORK

Printed for the Author 1863



T H E E L E G I E.

F Arewel Great *Conyers* Heir, thou brightest *Pearl*
Nature 'ere *polisht* to enrich an Earl!

An Earl of the first Magnitude, yet He
So high, complaind he was too *low* for Thee:

His *goodness*, greater then his *Name*, before
Render'd his Titles too inferiour;

His Honour once was humbled by his love,
Now both degraded by thy sad *Remove*.

Blest Saint, how many *Lives* lament thy death?

Whose blood was warm'd by thine, not their own
Forgive astonishment if it cannot mourn, (breath,

Our hearts, *lye* dead and buried in thy *Urn* :
 Pardon our eyes if dry ; thei're *sunk* , and weep
Back to our hearts , our sorrows are so deep !

Sometimes our vigorous fancies (though in vain)
 Act high, and call the *Countess* back again ,
 With an *Herculean* love : Now hopes and fears
 Struggle, while joy smiles in a Bath of Tears.
 But O the emptiness of that Creation
 Takes birth and forme from fond imagination !
 One Minute makes her live, another dye ;
 Thus we her *death* , our own *grief* multiply.

But let's (with leave of Providence) enquire
 Why this *sweet* Rose must in its *June* expire ?
 Was vertues *Citadel* exhausted so
 She must to Heaven for *Ammunition* go ?

A *Lampe* drown'd in its Oyle, a *Martyr'd* earth
 Alas it was her (b) *Labour* to depart !
 The free expence of all that good did still,
 (Like grateful Rivers) its kind Ocean fill.
 Or was't because she took no pleasure here
 In Husband, Mother, Babes Three things so dear?
 I'me sure they all lov'd her, and now improve
 Their greif by the dimensions of their Love:
 Shee dy'd, but once (O that vast once!) but they
 For life, must sad *Rents* to her memory pay.
 O then 'twas not for want of Love she dy'd!
 That might have bin sooner then life supply'd:
 Her last sigh (loves last Eccho) though but faint,
 Breath'd out her kind Soul in an amorous pant:
 Her Lord and Shee? never was kinder Pair,
 One Soul mov'd both, which fed on *Love*, not *Air*;
 How

(b) dyed
in Child-
bed.

How often did that sweet expression start
 From the free satisfaction of her Heart ?
 I would not change (quoth she) good *Shrewsbury's* Wife
 For Empress ; better pleas'd with him then life !

Nor was her Venture small , when providence led
 This best of Ladies to the Nuptial Bed ;
 The sole Heir of her Fathers Land and Name,
 Did *both* and *all* , for one good Lord disclaim.
 That Dower must vast and comprehensive be ,
 VVhose *Total* is the whole Posterity !

When *Conyers* must be lost , except the Font
 Christen the *Name* , and stamp new life upont :

A daughter called
Conyers Here exspir'd not the breath of one , but all ,

A Families life dead in one Funeral !

Were I to write her Epitaph, it should be,

Here lies Interr'd a Genealogie !

Live

Live pretty Lady *Conyers*, Live, to save
Talbot from guilt, and *Conyers* from the Grave!

And yet good Soul! this universal sale
 Did not (she fear'd) his *merit* countervail,
 Iudg'd all but mean and poor; (too free a Wife)
 Except her Land was *rated* with her life.
 She might have spard that great and liberal cost,
 Had she but reckon'd what he reckon'd most;
 Had she cast in the *treasure* of her mind,
 Sh' had rais'd her sum, had been both rich and kind,
 This was the first *unkindnesse* she ere gave,
 Her dearest Lord, to lead him to her Grave!

But Loyalty to him, could not impair
 Her duty, equal to a Mothers care,

In

In all commands obedient to her will ,
 As if the *Countess* had been *Conyers* still :
 And might have well appear'd to vulgar sence
 Virgin, for aspect , duty, Innocence !
 No Child to Parent more just homage paid ,
 Only she dyed, and there first disobey'd :
 'Tis Heaven alone infringes and forgives
 All Obligations made to Relatives !

Madam, you're V Vise, O raise no vain complaints,
 Can you do more then furnish Heaven with Saints ?
 When you observ'd Heaven shining in her face,
 Did you not then assigne her to that place ?
 So good ! what then ? O let her live you cry !
 So good ? she's ripe for Heaven , O let her dye !
 Where is our intellect , our sence, our eyes ?
 Dull Mortals ! would we vertue mortalize ?

But

But must the *Genial* Bed , O *Juno*⁴ be
 Not her Babes , but her Souls *delivery* ?
 Ingratitude of Nature ! Must a Tomb
 Prove the sad Merit of a Fruitful Womb ?
 V What wilt thou do sweet Babe to purge thy Fate,
 V Who bought'st this *cheap* world at so dear a rate ?
 Poor harmless *Viper* ' thou mad'st I dare say ,
 Prophetick lamentations the first day :
 Those very bowels which thy Birth had rent
 Still pitty'd thee , thou was't so innocent :
 Be sure to pay thy Father , when thou know'st
 How much thy Mother for thy Birth thou ow'st ;
 Thou ow'st a duty great as life, since shee
 Lost her own life to give a *life* to thee.

Yet with Heav'n's leave (*discreet* at last) she stays
 (In labour now with death, not thee) some dayes ;
 'Twas for thy sake that not till then she dy'd,
 To save thee from the guilt of *Matricide* !

Q

Sweet

Sweet Babe ! may Heaven prolong thy precious life,
Thou pledge of the best Mother and best V Vife!

France that spruce Nation, of the *Purest* Aire,
Admir'd this Lady both for Wise, and Fair;
She spoke their Language with its natural tone,
They thought (but much deceiv'd) she was their own:
Theirs, all except their vice; for when she came
Back to her Native Soyl, she was the same,
The same white *Conyers* still: *The change of place*
Alters no Soul, without a *change of grace*!
She brought their decent Modes, and us'd them here,
But wisely left the Nations vanity there.
Her voice was sweet, without affected Art,
Fit for the Quire, where now she bears a part.

As for her *Charity* consult the Poor,
They say she kept a *Table at her Door*;

Their

Their thronging to her grave kind witness bears;
 Strowing the sad way not with flowers, but tears:
 The Poor lament, and tell you, how they far'd;
 Heav'n speaks her Charity best by her reward:
 This Diamond in her Crown is not the least,
 To meet *Rich* Saints, whom *Poor* she us'd to feast!

Is this that *Charity*, instead of poor,
 Sits now her self without an Alms at door?
 That *Charity*, which with so loud a din
 The *Faith* o'th age hath almost made a sin?
 This was that Charity she did so prize,
 Her *Grace* within, without her *Exercise*!

| You Ladies that exhaust your wealth and time
 In dear bought toys to make a *costly* crime,
 Lay up some gold for Heaven; what you spend here,
 If ill dispenc'd, will not be *reckon'd* there.

Witness Good Heav'n, I would not wish to find
Great *Sbrensbury's* wealth, without his *Ladies* mind!

So pious! so devout! me thinks I see
The posture of her bended Heart and Knee,
Both a like *flexible*: beleive me, when
She dealt with Heaven, she was no Countess then
Allowing civil Acts, and sober care
Of decencies, her whole life was one Prayer.
See, see, her moyst Eyes, whilst with heav'n she pleads,
Drop Tears, Religious *Pearls*, instead of *Beads*!

Her virtuous life was her deaths first presage,
The whole tract, but one Christian Pilgrimage;
A Pilgrimage to that *Jerusalem*, where
Dwell only Saints, no *Turk* inhabits there!
Death had not much to do in th' extream hour,
So vveakned vvere the *sinews* of his povver:

Her

Her cheerfulness at last all fear beguiles ;
 Taking her leave , like a kind friend with smiles .

But what crowns all (in other great ones rare)
 Shee knew no Pride either of good or fair :
 Her goodness ('tis a sweet absurdity)
 Rais'd her to Heav'n by its humility ;
 That Ladder by which Father *Jacob* went
 To Heav'n ; *humility the souls ascent* !
 When Eyes fall, Hearts may rise : Humility thus
 Like showrs the clouds, draws down our heaven to us !
 Great Souls may Act high, when their bodies faint :
 While Heaven *stoops* down to meet an humble Saint !

But a rich Pearle, lost, makes the owners poor,
 All turns to grief now, what was joy before :
 That Beauty, Wisdome, Grace, serve all t'express
 Her great *bliss*, and our great unhappiness !

Could

Could not all this our Countess keep alive ?

No ; she must *dye* , and all this must *survive* :

When such ripe fruit ; in gracious Souls you see ,

They spring from seeds of Immortality !

Farewel blest Saint ! none ever riper dy'd ,

Thou liv'd'st till thou wa'st almost glorifi'd ;

So' Angelick was thy Soul ! If Providence

Had pleas'd , thou might'st have been *translated* hence ,

Without th'expiring of thy *perfum'd* breath ;

Grace call'd for Heaven, *humility* for Death !

Thy Name, though Glorious, here was at a loss ;

The Christians *Crown* is brighter than his *Cross* !

He that would write thy praises, first should go

To Heaven, and there thy just *dimensions* know,

A N

A N
EPITHALAMIVM

Vpon the
AUSPICIOUS NUPTIALS
Of the
Right Honourable the Earl of
SHREWSBURY,
AND
The Virtuous Lady
ANNE BRUDNEL.

Printed for the Author 1663.

THE FIFTH ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

OF THE ALPHABET

THE EPITHALAMIVM.

All Ioyes fall on the *Turtle* and his *Dove* ,
Pair'd by Religion, and the Bands of Love ;
Pair'd by your Blood and high born Pedigree ;
Pair'd by one Spirit of your Sympathy ;
Pair'd by Communion of Estates and Parts ;
Pair'd by the Union of your Souls and Hearts ;
 If there be any Tye more strict then these ;
Pair'd by That too : *Pair'd* by all things that please.

May *Hymens* Torch burn cleer as your Desires,
 Lighted in Heaven, with pure Promethean Fires :

May fruitful *Ceres* your full Table spread,

And may more fruitful *Juno* make your Bed ;

Wert in the Power of Prayer, Heaven should dispence
 The very *Cittadel* of Providence ;

R

Could

Could I serve up the *Storehouse* of my wishes,
 Nectar should fill your Cups, Ambrosia Dishes;
 Those three half Circles of the Sea, Earth, Aire,
 Should all joyn to present a Bill of Fare;

(The Element of Fire shall leave the rest
 And wait upon the *Altar* of your Brest.)

The Phoenix should not be excus'd, but be
 An Embleme of your fruitful *unity*:

Your Rivers should be turn'd to Milk, your Wine:
 Made not of Grapes, but some Juice more Divine!
 Ide rack both Indies to increase your Wealth,
 And *Calcine* Nature to conserve your Health.

My Muse some high and noble things presage,
 The *Peace*, not *Plenty* of the Golden Age:

What were all this, if all were in your power?

Great Sir, your Lady brings a richer Dower;

Whom Ingenuities, more then years improve,

Fit for a Husband who hath *practis'd* Love:

Widower.

VVhose

Whose Beds of Iewels, and rich *Mines* of Gold
Are lodg'd within ; to be enjoy'd, not *told*.

I could describe her features, Tell you how
Peace sits inthron'd upon her *Marble* Brow ;
Tell you her Eyes are Stars, whose Influences
Are moving *Spirits* and Intelligences ;
Tell you of *veins* like *vines* upon her Brest ,
Swelling with *thy* Clusters ready to be prest ,
Call her lips banks of Strawberries, made to last ;
To feast the gods with *fragrancy* and tast :
I'll not prophane them so, That were to say
Something else were as lovely sweet as they }
You have a *Rose* whose *Bud* all perfumes fill ;
O may this *Rose* though *pluckt* , be pregnant still
You have a Lady (*Sir*) both wise and good,
Whose vertues wear the *tincture* of her blood :
Your second Venter brings you equal Charms,
To fill (*Loves Throne*) the *Circle* of your *Armes* :

R

2

Her.

Her Face, her brow, her Tongue, her Eyes, her lips,

All Glories, fit to lighten an *Eclips* :

A happy Soyle to plant in, to repair

Loves Inter-regnum with a Masculine Heir :

— O may your kisses be the print of Doves,

Both to inflame and propagate your Loves !

May Angels wait upon your Board and Bed,

Some at your Ladies Feet, some at your Head :

*Married
twelfth day*

May such a Star the *Mary* spy'd ith' East,

(Which brought the world a Saviour, and this Feast)

With annual Influences still appear,

And bring Nativities for every year !

May your *Loves* live, and everlasting be,

Begin like souls, *end* in Eternity !

Blest Lovers, wounded by Celestial Darts !

Heaven your *souls* marry, and the Priest your *Hearts* !

F I N I S.

St. John

St. John

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St. John

St. John